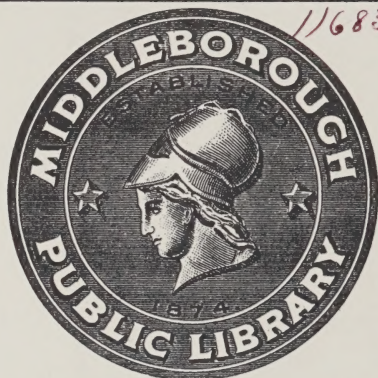


**JOSEPH
HERSEY
PRATT**



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**JOSEPH
HERSEY
PRATT**

A Family Memoir

T. Jennie Pratt

28 December 1979

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It has been about seven years since I began this project. Most of the work has been carried out in the past three years. After many changes in about six drafts, the essay is ready for the printer.

The one who has been of the greatest help has been Jean Alenzo Curran. For about two years, we corresponded back and forth on how the writing was progressing. His wise counselings are deeply appreciated. I have taken the liberty of utilizing portions of his letters which have provided me with additional data of significance.

One who encouraged me from the first to write something about Father was Robert Ensign Darling. He had done a biography of his own father, Robert Darling, and had urged me to do the same. His germinal advice, after so many years, finally has borne fruit.

Another who has had a hand in this matter has been Carol (Mrs. James Howard) Means. Her persistence in getting after me to summarily finish the job has been of great help. Her infectious enthusiasm for what I was trying to do rubbed off easily on to me and had much to do with whatever success the essay may achieve.

The aid of Samuel Proger has been of inestimable value, in the reading of the text as well as providing it with supplemental material that has added interest to the final work.

I wish to thank my cousin, Sally Joy Pratt Talbot, who not only read through one of the earlier drafts, giving me helpful suggestions and criticism, but also supplying me with several photographs.

My sister, Rosamond Pratt Walcott, has kindly allowed me to include two letters she wrote me last summer upon her reading the last draft. These are included in the section titled *Commentaries*. They provide a valuable supplement to what I have presented, a perceptive personal view that greatly enhances the portrait of Father, as well as certain facets of our family life. Her signal contribution is deeply appreciated.

T. Dennie Pratt

Mount Pleasant, South Carolina
30 November 1978

PROLOGUE

It is now twenty-two years since the death of Joseph Hersey Pratt. This seems more than enough time for one of his children to write an informal memoir of their father. He possessed a unique personality. He was an outstanding physician, educator and scientist, prominent on the medical scene nationally and abroad.^{1, 3, 4} He is acknowledged as the Father of modern group therapy in America.²

From a letter dated 14 January 1975 I received from Jean Alonzo Curran, prominent American medical educator, I have culled a few comments: "Your father was and is a much admired figure and a true pioneer and great leader in medicine.... Certainly most of his great contributions to the advancement of medical education and new forms of service included the B.A.F. (Bingham Associates Fund), the New England Medical Center Hospital, which had its beginnings in the Boston Dispensary, succeeded by the Pratt Diagnostic Hospital, social service,⁵ group psycho-therapy....".

1. For two brief, but revealing biographical tracts, see Appendix A and B; the former included in a "History of the Interurban Clinical Club," and the latter, written by Samuel Proger for the Festschrift," a volume composed chiefly of scientific papers in Father's honor at the time of his sixty-fifth birthday.

2. See Appendix E for a brief dissertation by Samuel Proger, particularly in reference to the Thought Control Class, as well as Father's place in history as a pioneer in group psychotherapy.

3. For one of the best character descriptions of Father, the reader should refer to Richard C. Cabot's article, (one of numerous papers in the "Festschrift") in Appendix C.

4. See Appendix D for comments on Father's life and career in a German medical journal: *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift*, (14 June 1957) Number 24, pp. 983-984.

5. From the same letter of Jean Alonzo Curran: "From him I learned the story of his being the first to initiate (the) Medical Social Work at the M.G.H. (Massachusetts General Hospital), before Richard Cabot took it up."

It is my intention to create a portrait of this man that will enable the reader to obtain a better understanding of him. I will attempt to emphasize aspects of his early life with his own family, as I am convinced that much of his character, as well as many of his accomplishments in later life, can be related to this influence. I will include experiences that occurred when he was at home, or when one or more family members were present. For this I will rely for the most part on my own personal experiences, but I will also include anecdotes and recollections of stories he told about himself. To add other dimensions to this portrait, embracing his life and times, certain photographs from family albums have been selected. I have included a pencil sketch⁶ I made of him on the side porch of 94 Upland Road in 1923 when he was fifty-one.



I

A few summers ago my wife and I, on our way to Maine for a vacation, diverted our trip from New York City where we lived to visit the small village of North Middleboro, Massachusetts, where Father was born and where he spent most of his youth. He often called it by its Indian name, Titicut. It is located in the western part of Plymouth County on the Taunton River, about mid-way from its source to where it flows into the upper reaches of Narragansett Bay. Almost equidistant from it are the communities of Bridgewater, Middleboro and Taunton. To us that day the village appeared as if it had been unchanged for years except for the presence of one new-looking general store. The bright sun seemed to give warmth and light everywhere, illuminating a centrally placed tree-shaped Green. Several wooden houses of generous proportions, including a church with an adjoining cemetery, surrounded it. We felt a calm, unhurried, almost sleepy, atmosphere pervading the whole scene. It was as if the present bustling world had passed it by completely.

This village had been settled early in British colonial times. Reference to an old map of the area we viewed that same day in the Historical Museum in Middleboro clearly demonstrated that the majority of the dwellings shown in the village of Titicut were designated *PRATT*. Our visit to the local graveyard amply confirmed to us that members of the Pratt family were predominant in the area.

On one side of the Green, perched on a slight rise of ground, was a prominent, square, white building with a large sign over the entrance inscribed in large letters, *PRATT FREE SCHOOL*, Incorporated 1865. A little further along at the far end of the triangular Village Green was a large, impressive looking house with a separate barn, mostly clapboard, painted white, surrounded by a handsome white fence. One might have concluded that its first owner had amassed a considerable fortune which enabled him to live in such a comfortable and magnificent manner. Across the road toward the church was a much smaller, neatly appearing house of about three stories, largely hidden by several huge trees. It was this dwelling that Father pointed out to me about fifty years ago as being where he, his brother Chester and his parents had at one time lived.

Just beyond the church on the other side, bordering the Green, was a graveyard, almost completely contained by a neat, well built sturdy stone wall, with an

imposing gate. Overhead was an arch which enclosed in large letters of iron the words "Titicut Parish Cemetery."

As the day already was becoming increasingly sultry, my wife and I decided at this point to have our picnic lunch and we thought there could be no better place than in the cemetery itself. We walked slowly through the gate to find beyond many gravestones numbering it seemed over a hundred, most of them well preserved. The surrounding grounds were well tended, the grass recently cut. We found the name Pratt on many of the monuments, including some of the most impressive ones. It was a revelation. I had had no idea that this burial ground would be so extensive or be of such imposing nature. Strange that Father had taken me on only one visit to Titicut.

We sat down on a comfortable mound, spread a blanket, and enjoyed our tasty repast. It proved to be a pleasant rest, while we cooled ourselves in the shade of the near-by maple trees.

After we had completed our meal, and had repacked our picnic basket, we arose to wander about, studying in more detail the various stone markers surrounding us. We found many names of various ancestors here and there, with dates going back to the seventeenth century. I was lost in a reverie of what was not only my Father's own past, but of course mine. The whole scene seemed to force me to reflect for several moments not only on who I was, but who these ancestors and other relatives were on my paternal side.

The sun, which had been so recently high above us, was now low in the western sky. We realized we must end our visit and continue our trip to Maine. But there were other days in which I could and did return to Titicut to relish its charms, and to indulge in the fascination it held for me.



Genealogically, one is diverse. While each of us has two parents, there are also two sets of grand-parents and four sets of great grand-parents. If one goes back eight generations, as I have done, one has to consider that there are two hundred and fifty six great, great, great, great, great, great grand-parents, a fact that should stagger anyone's imagination. Even an analysis of just four generations becomes almost overwhelming.⁷

That day in the cemetery at Titicut I was duly impressed by the prominently handsome memorial monument of my great-grandfather Zebulon K. Pratt, (b. 4 February 1791; d. 5 May 1859) and my great-grandmother Susannah Keith (b. 29 January 1796; d. 11 January 1857). Their seventh child, Martin Van Buren

7. See Appendix F: Genealogy - Exhibit 1

(b. 21 April 1835; d. 8 January 1911), was my Father's father. From my own investigation of what are sparse family records, he was first married to Susan E. Alden of Bridgewater (13 June 1865). Just two years later she died, leaving besides her husband, a daughter Elsie. This child survived as Father's ^{half} ~~step~~ sister. She married years later and had at least one child of her own. I believe that Father kept in touch with Elsie and her family for years.

In 1871, four years after his first wife, Susan, died, the widower, Martin Pratt, then 36 years old, fell in love with and married a young widow, Rebecca Adams Dyer Wing,⁸ who was then living in Titicut and teaching at the *PRATT FREE SCHOOL*. I presume that Martin was also living in, or near, Titicut with his daughter at this time and that after the marriage, Rebecca Wing moved in with them.

Martin Pratt was a bookseller. His business, chiefly wholesale, required extensive travel in the eastern part of the United States. He continued to live in Titicut for the rest of his life. He died in 1911, at seventy-six a little less than a year before I was born. He had a brother, William, who had made a large fortune in the wholesale book business. It was William's son, Norman, who loaned Father a substantial sum of money to help him get started in private practice in Boston.

I do not recall Father ever speaking about his own Father. One day, trying to get my mother to tell me something about him, I remember her saying that he was a "charming" person. In the family albums I could locate only one photograph of him.⁹ As he grew older, his vision became seriously affected, which undoubtedly limited his ability to carry on his business affairs. Among Father's papers, I discovered a card which he sent his mother in 1902 from South-Wurttemberg, Germany, where he had gone to take part in a program of medical research in the University of Tübingen under the supervision of Professor Ludolph v. Krehl. He was on a small scholarship stipend at the time. The note reads as follows: "*April 22 - My dear Mother, Your first letter from No. Mid. rec'd. Things are going well with me and the financial outlook is decidedly brighter as living is very cheap in Tübingen. I can let Father have \$100 June 1st -all right. I have \$50.00 of my Mch. payment unspent. I will write again in a couple of days. With love, Joe.*"¹⁰

At this time Father himself had only a meagre income from his professional work, watching his own expenses was of primary importance, as he takes the trouble in this brief note to point out he has already discovered how much it was costing him to live. By April 22nd, he still had left over a significant sum of money for

8. Plate 2.

9. Plate 1.

10. J.H.P. Collection, Francis A. Countway Library of Medicine, Boston, Massachusetts.

those days. Yet, he could not let his Father have the \$100 immediately. That would have to wait for over a month. One must assume that Martin Pratt by that time was virtually destitute. Father must have concluded that he and his brother, Chester, would probably have to contribute to the financial support of their parents the rest of their lives. This appraisal proved to be true.

Father's Mother, Rebecca Adams Dyer, was born in, or near, Provincetown, 11 November 1842, to Sally and Henry Dyer.¹¹ There were three other children, Annie, Eunice and a brother, N. Mayo. When Rebecca was five, her mother died, and shortly thereafter she left her home in Provincetown to go and live more or less permanently with her cousins, George and Mary Hersey in Melrose. The years of childhood and young womanhood for Rebecca spent with the Herseys were apparently happy. The relationships established with her Hersey cousins remained strong throughout her life, and she remained with them until her first marriage when she moved to East Sandwich.

Rebecca probably attended the local public schools in Melrose. After completing her studies there, she pursued her education further by qualifying herself as an elementary school teacher. By this she not only increased her own knowledge of the world about her, but she was able partially, perhaps even wholly, to support herself. Actually, as it worked out later in her life, it enabled her to supplement the family income, sufficiently enough so that both Father and his brother, Chester, were able to go on to college and graduate school, Father to Yale's Sheffield Scientific School and then Harvard and Johns Hopkins Medical School, Chester to Amherst and the Harvard Law School.

Rebecca possessed a small, sturdy body. In her early years she was known to have had reddish hair. She even had, one cousin told me, a nick-name, "Red." She possessed excellent health, and lived to be eighty-one.

In 1863, during the Civil War, she fell in love with a young man, Gideon Wing, of East Sandwich. After a romantic courtship, they were married. The ceremony probably took place in Melrose where she lived with the Herseys. These are the sparse details. Perhaps Rebecca's father, Henry Dyer, who had remarried, came up from the Cape with his wife to take part in the celebration. It is not known if her sisters, Annie and Eunice, or her brother Mayo attended or not. Rebecca was then twenty-one years old. The happy couple moved to East Sandwich, where Gideon's parents had organized a small, private elementary school. It was here she began her long career as a teacher.

Within a short time, however, this marriage was blighted with tragedy. Gideon enlisted as a soldier in the Union Army, and was soon ordered to the battle zone. Not long afterward she received a telegram notifying her that her husband had

died of wounds near Guntown, Mississippi (11 May 1864). One can well imagine her reaction. Married about one year, she now finds herself not yet twenty-two in a state of bereavement. It is possible she soon garbed herself in widow's weeds, with black hat, shawl, dress, gloves, stockings and shoes as was the custom in those days.

Subsequently, she decided to leave the little school of the Wings in East Sandwich to move to Titicut to accept a position of elementary teacher at the new Pratt Free School. The latter had been established by Enoch Pratt,¹² a relative of Father, who had been born in Titicut, and had become a successful iron merchant in Baltimore.

It was while the young widow Wing resided in Titicut one may conjecture that she met the older widower, Martin Pratt. Each had experienced, we can assume, the pangs of personal loss and subsequent loneliness; whatever the exact circumstances, they evidently found their companionship agreeable and on 5 July 1871 were married.

There were three children of this union, the first being Joseph, who was born 5 December 1872 (birth records in the Town of Middleboro give the date of 16 December). A second child, another boy, was born five years later, named Chester.¹³ One may gain some insight into the personality of Father's Mother, when one learns that Father's middle name Hersey derives from her cousins the Herseys of Melrose, who we know took her at an early age into their home, making her a cherished part of their family life. Her gratitude to the Herseys finds apt expression in her choice of a name for her first child. Later when it came time to name the second child, Mayo is chosen for the middle name after her brother, N. Mayo Dyer. There was a third, and last child who died in infancy.

Rebecca probably interrupted her teaching in the years of bearing and rearing children. Later, it is certain she returned to this career. She was fiercely ambitious for her two sons to get as good an education as was possible and practical. One of her fondest hopes was that her elder son, whom she would often affectionately call *Josey* would become a physician.^{13A} It was the money she earned from her many years of teaching that helped make these dreams and wishes come true. Her personal guidance, wise counseling, and steady encouragement played an important role, and both sons owed much to their Mother for the success of their lives.

Religion was an integral part in the life of this Pratt family. One might correctly say it was all pervasive. Through many generations and by personal persuasion, the family were firmly bound to the tenets of the Puritan faith. The definition of a "Puritan" is well worded in *Websters New International Dictionary*

12. Founded the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore, among other well-known philanthropic acts.

13. Chester Mayo Pratt, eminent Boston attorney.

(Second Edition), as follows: "Puritan...2. One who, especially because of adherence to a religious sect, practices or preaches a more rigorous or professedly purer moral code than that which prevails: one, who, on religious or ethical grounds, inveighs against current practices, pleasures, or the like, which he regards corrupting...." No games or play were permitted on "the Sabbath". Father rarely danced, or played card games, which disappointed Mother greatly, as she was proficient and happy at both.

Back in those Titicut days, the nearest theatres were in Boston and Father never attended them to my knowledge, until he left home for good. One time his Mother was obliged, through some unavoidable circumstance, to keep a theatre engagement in Boston with friends. Long afterwards she was said to have felt proud to tell her family later that she kept her eyes and ears closely covered throughout the performance.

Rebecca continued to live in Titicut until her husband's death. She then moved to Dedham, where she lived in a modest, simple wooden house, across the street from her son, Chester. Here she remained until about 1920 when, because of declining health, she moved to a rooming and boarding house on Mount Vernon Street near Coolidge Corner in Brookline. There she resided until her death in 1924 at eighty-one.

I remember her well. When I was ten, she was seventy-nine. She was short in stature, with a diminutive, yet erect body. She had abundant white hair, gathered up about her head and presumably held with combs. The skin of her face and hands was much wrinkled as one would expect in a person her age. She had thick lenses in her eyeglasses. She had lost her teeth, and used complete upper and lower dentures. I remember the shock of seeing them in a glass of water by her bedside on one of my visits to her when she lived in the rooming house in Brookline. Once, when I was having a visit which included lunch, I distinctly recall the stuffy, stale air. However, these pleasant encounters were enjoyable to me. One Sunday, I accompanied her to a service of the nearby St. Mark's Methodist—Episcopal Church, which she attended regularly until failing health prevented her.

She left a lasting impression of being a gentle person, whose voice was soft yet firm, and whose step was quick though steady. She had a quiet, determined way.



Father's maternal uncle, Mayo Dyer, who remained a bachelor, had an interesting life. Born in the Provincetown—Wellfleet area of Cape Cod, of generations who gained their livelihood by and from the sea, he was exposed from early youth to the hazards of the weather and the joys and dangers of the near-by waters. He, too, like his sister, Rebecca, must have been young when events rendered him motherless. Family income must have been modest, and there probably was not enough money to send young Mayo on to a higher education. Local schooling was all that could be afforded. Going to sea was the answer for many young

men, or boys, on the "Cape." Mayo followed this custom and joined what would then have been the equivalent of the United States Navy. Starting at the bottom rung of the ladder as an ordinary seaman, he eventually worked his way up to the rank of Rear-Admiral. Personal ability, native or acquired, must have shown itself early; to this was added the qualities of coolness and daring.

By the time of the Battle of Mobile Bay during the Civil War, he was captain of his own ship. David Glasgow Farragut, Commander of a Federal Naval Squadron in the Gulf of Mexico at that time, thought so highly of young Dyer,¹⁴ then in his twenties, that he let him lead the attack on the Confederate Fleet and on Forts Morgan and Gaines, protecting Mobile Bay. Despite intense enemy resistance, including torpedos, the battle was successfully concluded, and the Confederate Fleet soundly defeated. Dyer had brought distinction to himself and he was a marked man from this time on. His family basked in the reflection of the fame that came to him.

Much later, during the Spanish-American War, he was captain of another ship, the U.S.S. Baltimore, at Manila Bay when the Spanish Fleet was destroyed. After the war was over, Dyer received a hero's welcome from the city of Baltimore, which consisted of an elaborate celebration of military and civic bands in a parade, after which, among other honors bestowed upon him, he was given from the city officials a highly decorated, embellished ceremonial sword. When Dyer finally retired from the U.S. Navy, he moved to Melrose to spend his remaining days near his cousins, the Herseys.

In 1882, when Father was about 10 years old, his uncle invited him to accompany him on a United States Naval vessel on an inspection trip of the lighthouses along part of the New England coast. These inspections were part of Dyer's official duties at the time. Then, not like today, virtually all of the lighthouses were attended by keepers, who sometimes had their families along with them. Having no wife or children of his own to accompany him, Dyer had asked his sister, Rebecca, if he could take her elder boy on this expedition. What a thrilling prospect this would have seemed to most boys of that time. Permission was granted and Father boarded the naval vessel in Boston Harbor. He was delighted with being on the ship, enjoying the company of his uncle who was evidently so fond of him, but the roughness of the ocean and the living conditions on board did not appeal to him. Years later, he related to me some of the details of this trip. He spoke of seeing at close hand the lonely outposts along the New England coast. He noted the obvious hazards of the life of a lighthouse-keeper, as well as the grim isolation required for him and his family. The strange, unsettling motion of the ship was enough to disenchant him. I never heard him express any desire of going to sea, as his Uncle Mayo had done.

14. Plate 4.



About 1928 my parents began to spend several summers in Westport Point, Massachusetts. Families with whom they had become acquainted like the Lathrop Clarks and the Charles Lawrences of Brookline, and the Smith Owen Dexters of Concord owned cottages there. Each had one or more sailboats. Being out on the water, on the rivers, or the nearby ocean was the desire of almost everybody. In this situation Father presented me with my first sailboat, a sprit-sail type, called commonly in those parts a "sharpie". It was built to order, from William Tripp, at the Head of Westport. It was about 12 feet long, with centerboard, new sail and spars, rudder, tiller, pair of oars, and oar locks costing one hundred dollars. Through friends my age or thereabouts, and the helping hand of Frank Brown, an old retired "salt" who had spent part of his life on whaling ships, I laboriously acquired the rudiments of sailing and life on the sea in boats. From that point sailing in any kind of boat became a life long fervent passion for me. Yet I cannot recall that Father ever joined me in any adventures with that "sharpie". Being on the water in a boat apparently just did not appeal to him. In spite of this, he must have imagined how eager I was to have a boat of my own, and he saw to it that I had one.



One memorable story of Father's childhood was that of his hens, perhaps twenty in all. They were his sole responsibility and he said he took good care of them. He had a notebook in which he listed each by a special name, like "Nancy." He recorded when they were bought and for how much, when they were sold and the price he received. Each hen had her history including the number of eggs produced. If one proved to be a bad layer, he would usually dispose of her, and replace her with another. He sold any extra eggs his family did not need to provide an added profit from his labors. He described his hen project always with delight.

Years later, after he had bought a new automobile, he always would give it a name. Mother, too, would join in the suggestions. We had two Dodge cars at one time, one called "Horace", the other "Herbert". Later still, he had a Peerless he named "Prince". There had been horses in Mother's family, and their names had been given with care. This was not an uncommon custom before and during the early days of the automobile.

It is likely that Father's interest in biology could have had its beginning in his hen yard, when he started a life-long habit of keeping careful records. This practice probably proved of value in his later school and college work and further on in his medical career.

Father was always known to have been a good student, and regularly from an early age did well in his school work. There was a saying in his family that he received "honors not only in his majors but in his minors". We can imagine that his Mother, being a teacher, might have tried to instill in him effective work habits.

II

For years, Rebecca's family had come to depend for medical advice and treatment on a well respected homeopathic physician who practiced in the area which included Titicut. It was perhaps natural that she might wish one of her sons to emulate the worthy doctor in a career in medicine. There was at this time a well established medical school for homeopathy in Boston. Rebecca hoped her son could obtain the required training there and she would do all she could, with her husband's help, to make it possible. The theory of homeopathy was largely based upon the benefits which the sick obtained from the utilization of minute amounts of drugs. I remember being treated myself by a homeopathic physician for a severe respiratory tract infection when I had been visiting my maternal Grandfather and Grandmother Thomson in Andover when I was only about five. For some reason I recollect seeing only my dear Aunt Clara, who was tending me. I was hoarse and could only call out in a whisper, as I did several times in the night, terrified, "Aunt Clara! Aunt Clara!" Quickly she would be there to aid me. I was given tiny colored pills, at least three or four varieties, several times a day until I became well. This was long before the advent of anti-microbial drugs, and the physicians of those days had little that was beneficial for many diseases.



The idea of becoming a doctor and going to the medical school of homeopathy in Boston must have appealed to Father. After completing grammar school in 1889 he entered Wesleyan Academy in Wilbraham, near Springfield, Massachusetts. This was an excellent institution, founded in 1817, in Newmarket New Hampshire, and relocated in Wilbraham in 1824. Christian thought and precepts played a significant part in the curriculum of studies, which were largely directed toward preparing its students for college. Aside from the usual interest of an adolescent in sports and social activities, it is known that he did well in his school

work. Some teacher of his may have noted an unusual ability in Father, and felt he could recommend him for higher studies at the college level.¹⁵ The recommendation must have been accepted, for in the Fall of 1891, he was admitted to the Yale Sheffield Scientific School.

We children learned only a little of what life was like for him in New Haven. Later, of his years in Baltimore, we heard much more. The three years he spent at Yale appear to have been keenly enjoyed. Photographs in his own albums, fading somewhat over the passage of about eighty-five years, show him having an apparently happy time. He made many good friends there, and for the remainder of his life maintained a continual loyalty to Yale. He returned to most of the reunions of his Class ('94S), where he enjoyed seeing and talking with old friends.

He told us how fortunate he had been at that time to have such excellent teachers, who not only conducted first rate courses in the bio-chemical sciences, but also were able to instill in him a lasting enthusiasm and ardor for study.^{15A} He would often talk about Professor Russell Chittenden, and say how much he owed to this man, whom he called his "Scientific Godfather". A further indication as to how he felt about this teacher is found in Father's photograph albums, where there are several pictures of him.

One story of these days was the following: "Once when I was at Yale, one of my teachers made a favorable comment on some work I had turned in. I felt I really didn't deserve this compliment as I knew I had not really done anywhere near my best." (He paused momentarily, possibly recollecting that distant day. Then he continued.) "I remember saying to myself then that for the future I would always do my best, and prepare myself so thoroughly in my school work that should I get praised again I would then deserve it."

He graduated from "Sheff" in 1894. Probably his parents came down from Titicut to New Haven to attend the formal ceremonies. How proud they must have felt, on this day to be present at their elder son's graduation from such an outstanding institution.

His time at Yale was now over, his years as a medical student were about to begin. Somewhere along the way, his parents must have been persuaded to change their plans of having their son become a homeopathic physician, for it is known that he entered Harvard Medical School that Fall. How this decision was arrived at or how his parents agreed to this change is unclear. It probably makes little difference. Their son was to be a medical student at a famous university. He was on his way to becoming the physician his Mother so ardently desired, homeopathic or not.

15. In the *History of the Interurban Medical Club*, it is recorded that he "attended" Wesleyan Academy. That he did not graduate with the Class of 1891 is attested to the fact that in the Program of the Commencement Exercises his name is not listed, nor can he be located in the graduation photograph of the senior class that year.

15. A Plate 5.

III

Sometime during that first year at Harvard, an event occurred that significantly altered his career. One of his friends visited him on one occasion and in the course of their conversation asked him why he had not considered going to the newly formed Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore, which had just started its first class that Fall. In its faculty were Osler, Welch and Halsted. Going to this untried medical school probably had not occurred to him. Harvard Medical School had seemed excellent in every way. "Why change now?", he might well have questioned himself. Whatever else may have happened, we know he did change his plans, for the following Fall found him in the second year class at Hopkins. Earlier he probably had taken the train to Baltimore, and made his own inquiries at the medical school. He may have carried down with him letters of introduction, possibly one from Councilman.¹⁶ Certainly not any other members of the Harvard Medical School faculty could have been expected to back Father in this unprecedented move. The decision to go to Baltimore may have been a wise one, from a purely medical-training point of view, but it probably carried with it seeds of resentment. One could surmise it did not sit well with some of those in power in the medical circles of Boston.

His three years in Baltimore proved a joy. Stories he was to recount later now begin without end. William Osler became his mentor. His experiences with this great teacher were never to be forgotten. Other close friendships are made that, with the passage of the years, gained in firmness, and lasted throughout his life. Names are recalled of these and later years at Johns Hopkins: Steiner, Thayer,

16. William T. Councilman, M.D., former member of the Department of Pathology at Johns Hopkins Medical School, then at Harvard Medical School and the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. Still later, visiting professor at Peking Union Medical School. Known to legions of medical students as "Councey".

Tileston, Blumer, Longcope, Welch, and many others. A pinnacle of the happy, contented, fulfilled life is reached. He enjoyed it completely. His studies went well. While not at the top of his class in scholarship rating, he performed at a more than competent level.

Graduation was in 1898. At this ceremony his Uncle Mayo, by now a Captain in the United States Navy and a hero of some dimension, presented him with a handsome gold watch and chain. The former was engraved, "Dr. Joseph H. Pratt from Captain N. Mayo Dyer 1898". He carried this watch and chain in his vest the rest of his life, and it remains a family heirloom today.

IV

After graduation Father returned to Boston where he wished to pursue his medical career. He had a plan for special medical studies which at first included several years in pathology combined with research. Later this was to include the teaching of medical students and graduate physicians, usually in small groups. In this period he went on two trips to Europe primarily to pursue his investigations in physiological medicine. In 1902 at the University of Tübingen, already mentioned above, he worked with Professor Ludolph v. Krehl, and in 1908 at the University of Heidelberg,^{16A} also with the same man, together with a Professor Morawitz. (See Professor E. Grafe's comments in Appendix D; he gives 1907, perhaps an error, as the year of this second visit to Germany.)

It was at this point in his career that Father made the decision to see some private patients. What he really wanted chiefly were the problem cases of other physicians. His goal was to be a consulting specialist in internal medicine. This work was to consume only part of his time. The other part he would continue to devote to research, writing, and teaching. This was essentially the plan and he followed it assiduously. He would not go into general practice as many young physicians then were, by custom, compelled to do. Some asked, "How can he do it that way? No one else has been able to, how can he?" Other railed at him saying, "The boy consultant." Who will consult with him?" But Father was not to be deterred. He was determined to persist in his plan. Quietly, yet thoughtfully, he was resolved to do it his way, even if it seemed difficult, or, as some said, impossible.

It proved to be difficult. Neither he, nor his immediate family, had any extra funds to help him. His Father and Mother were much older, and financially barely getting along back in Titicut. He would need several thousand dollars to get started in order to set up a suitable office with examining room, and acquire a secretary. Obtaining the money was a problem. At this junction help arrived in the form of his first cousin Norman Pratt, who at that time was a well-to-do young man, son of the successful bookseller, William, an older brother of Martin Pratt. Norman had known his younger cousin since his early years in Titicut. He had faith in him, trusted his judgment, and had been impressed with his industry and

ability, and was happy to loan him the necessary funds. Father was thus able to set up his office, and in a certain period paid off the loan with interest. He was ever grateful to this cousin for this aid. Many years later he was able to extend to this cousin, when their financial circumstances were reversed, a helping hand in return for the one proffered him when his resources were so slim.

The new office was on Newbury Street, for "Consultation by Appointment", a secretary was hired, and Dr. Pratt was ready for patients. His practice was discouragingly small at first, but gradually it grew and prospered.

He remained in Boston continuing his research and his private practice. In 1908, the University of Michigan's School of Medicine at Ann Arbor extended to him an offer to be their Professor of Medicine. He was gratified and pleased at this attractive invitation and he came close to accepting it. However, after due consideration and consultation with medical colleagues he turned down the position, stating his reasons. One of his chief objections to moving out to Michigan was that he was not allowed to bring his research animals with him. Furthermore, he had many friends and relatives in Boston and in New England, and to break with these attachments, as well as to surrender his substantial growing practice, was considered too great a sacrifice.



In 1909, when he was thirty-seven, he met and fell in love with one of his patients, Rosamond Means Thomson, who was twelve years his junior. She was the youngest daughter of Abby Locke and T. Dennie Thomson,¹⁷ of Andover.

A mutual friend, Fred Murphy, a surgeon of Detroit, had introduced them to each other. For years Mother had had certain ailments that had been baffling to local doctors. Murphy suggested that Mr. and Mrs. Thomson have their daughter, Rosamond, see a Dr. Pratt in Boston. This was done. The meeting started upon a professional basis, but ended romantically. During their fervent courtship, Miss Thomson had gone to Virginia to revisit old college friends. There were gay parties at which several old beaux paid her considerable attention. Meanwhile, Father, in Boston, became alarmed at what was going on, and decided he should continue to press his suit before it had a chance to cool. He let her know in long, impassioned letters sent to Richmond that he disapproved of what she was doing. He wrote that if she did not soon return to Andover, he would come down to Virginia and bring her back. Miss Thomson's first reaction was one of irritation, yet she was flattered that her Boston suitor showed such an ardent interest in what she was doing. After a few days, she agreed to return. Not long after her arrival home, she accepted Father's proposal of marriage. Mr. Thomson gave his permission for the announcement of the engagement.¹⁸ The couple was the recipient of congratulations and good wishes from their many friends and relatives. In October of that year, they had a large wedding in Andover, with the reception at the home of Mother's parents on 54 Abbot Street. Among the guests who came were many of Father's friends, as well as relatives, including Mr. and Mrs. Martin

Van Buren Pratt from North Middleboro. Also, among those present was Fred Murphy, the matchmaker.

There was a brief honeymoon in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. It was more than one time that the story was retold that her husband of just a few days had forgotten to bring enough money, and he had to ask her for some of hers, so the hotel bill could be paid. Mother, fortunately, had some cash in her purse which they used. The money had been an extra gift from her parents on the point of her departure on her wedding journey. It was, in spite of this incident, a happy honeymoon.

17. Thomson was a prosperous linen importer, whose firm, Thomson & Fessenden, was located at 264 Devonshire Street, Boston. For many years he commuted by railroad between Boston and Andover. I remember one snowy day being taken by my Mother to Grandfather's office, being left there by her, later accompanying him on the walk along the snow-filled sidewalks to the North Station, crowded with all sorts of people. The passenger cars heavily covered with soot-dusted snow, plus the huge, steam locomotives fascinated me. After either passing or stopping at Ballardvale, we got off at the next station, Andover, and were met by Grandfather's own sleigh, drawn by a horse, with his general house-man at the reins. With the snow coming down thickly about us, and bundled up together with brightly-patterned heavy wool blankets, we set off up the steep hill towards his comfortable, big house with the bells in the harness about the horse's neck ringing cheerily out into the darkening night.

Grandfather's father, James Thomson, born in Sterling, Scotland, immigrated to this country in the middle of the nineteenth century. After attending a seminary in Hartford, Connecticut (later, Trinity College), he became a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He moved to Brooklyn, New York, where he had a parish. There he married Jeanette Gunning, daughter of a Jeanette Gaskin Gunning (daughter of George Gunning and Sarah Eliza Gaskin), a widow, who had come up from Barbados where she had been born. To support herself and her children she worked in, or owned, a rooming/boarding house. Their son, T. Dennie Thomson, was born in Summerville, New Jersey. Later James Thomson and his small family moved to Andover, Massachusetts, where he was the rector of Christ Church for many years. Here in Andover, the young Thomson met and married Abby Locke, eldest daughter of Samuel Blake Locke and Anne Davis, who resided in Andover. Of this marriage there were four children, the youngest being my Mother.

18. Plate 9.

After about a week they returned to Boston to set up housekeeping at 313 Beacon Street, a combined office and residence they had rented. On the first floor was the office with a small waiting room in front, and further to the back, an examining room, and a consulting room. Upstairs were the living quarters, which suited them perfectly. Nevertheless it was a strange environment for them, especially for Mother. For her it was a new world, a world of doctors, patients and their diseases. Adaptation was difficult.



Their first child, Sylvia Mayo, was born 19 October 1910. Some months later, my parents moved to an apartment at 10 Claflin Road in Brookline. Coincident with this was the discovery of an unexpected pregnancy. Whether this event precipitated the move is not known. To be pregnant again so soon after the arrival of her first baby was understandably upsetting to Mother. Furthermore she clearly recalled that her own parents had admonished her in no uncertain terms, presumably because of her frail health, not to have another child for several years. She was admittedly distraught, and did not inform her parents of her condition until several more months had passed. On 19 November 1911, this writer was born, Dr. James Torbert, attending.

In 1913, a third child, Rosamond ("Daisy"), arrived. Two years later the family moved to 36 Upland Road, a modest, square wooden house on a small lot in a quiet section of the same town. A fourth and last child, a third daughter, Joan, was born in 1917.

There was a final move about 1922 further up "Pill Hill", as it was sometimes called, to 94 Upland Road. "Pill Hill" was an appropriate term for many of the houses were, in fact, occupied by physicians and their families. The house at 94 was handsome, solidly constructed of substantial timbers, stone and brick. It was purchased fully furnished, one of the conditions of the sale. It had been owned previously by several sisters, all single, by the name of Stevenson. For us children, one of its chief attractions was an electrically controlled, water driven elevator, which our parents soon removed much to our dismay. This house remained our home until we left to marry. Our parents lived there until Mother died in 1952.¹⁹

19. See Plate 19.

V

My first remembrance of Father, whom we often called Papa in our younger years, probably goes back to when I was about five. I see his fingers playing a trick for me and my two sisters. It was called "Fly Away Jack," and we loved it. This was one of the few times we felt close to this man, who was somewhat a stranger to us. A description of what his trick was like is as follows. He would pull up a small chair to a table. Sitting there on the chair he would gather us near him. When it was certain that he had our undivided attention, he would take two small pieces of white paper, wet one side of each with his tongue, and then get it to stick to the back of each second finger near the nail. Next, he would place each second finger tip on the edge of the table, with the rest of the hand below and out of the way as far as possible. Then, while moving these two finger tips up and down rhythmically, he would say in a gentle sing-song sort of way, "Two little blackbirds sitting on hill. One's named Jack, and the other's named Jill." At this moment he would fling his left arm quickly backwards, and at the same time say, "Fly away Jack". Then, as he brought the finger back to the table's edge, we would be amazed to see that the piece of paper had miraculously disappeared into the air. He repeated the same trick with his right hand, and upon saying, "Fly away Jill", his right arm would be rapidly thrown aside and then returned. The other piece of paper had vanished. We were both mystified and charmed.

He continued with his trick, "Come back, Jack", he resumed. At that moment his left arm would again be waved away and upon its return, the small piece of paper had reappeared on the back of his finger. He would repeat the same procedure with his right arm, calling out, "Come back, Jill", and there would be the other piece of paper again on the back of the other finger. We never knew how he did it until we begged him to show us how. By substituting the middle fingers for the forefingers, he was able to create the illusion of pieces of paper flying about in space. It was part of the magic of Father's presence when we were young.



At this time, our parents were renting the small, but comfortable house at 36 Upland Road. Some friend of theirs found it for them while they were still living in the apartment on Claflin Road. It was on a tiny lot at the corner where Allerton Street joined Upland Road. Here a sturdy copper beech tree shaded part of the house in summer. Inside the front door to the left of the small hallway was a rather dark, forbidding Study, with its walls lined with books, mostly Father's from floor to ceiling. To the right of the hall was a living room, with an upright piano, which Mother often played. Further back, was the dining room with a pleasant, southern exposure. A generous-sized kitchen completed this first floor.

Below was a cellar where the coal for both furnace and kitchen stove was kept in large dust covered wooden bins. Here the fireplace wood, logs and kindling, was stored. On the second floor there were three bedrooms and one large bathroom. Above, there was an attic and two more bedrooms and a small bath. Here lived the cook, Martha Moody, a pleasant black woman who stayed with us for years. One special pleasure was when Martha, of whom we children were fond, would allow us to lick with our fingers the doughy remains in a mixing bowl she had just used while making molasses cookies. Little since has tasted as good.

Another memory of these days I have is of Father while he was sitting in a rocking chair in the living room. I recall the satisfying sensation of feeling the top of his head which was bald and smooth. He had hair over the sides and back, greying, neatly cut. His nose was of a generous size, and its bridge supported eyeglasses which were either the "pince-nez" type, or the other "tortoise-shell" kind, brownish-black in color. His eyes might be described as bluish-gray, and having a gentle, yet sparkling, expression about them. When Father looked at one he usually looked directly, often with an attitude of intense interest. His teeth were strong, quite irregular, prominent. His lips and mouth were without any unusual features, except for a small pale scar on the left upper lip near the middle, where he had had a small cancerous lesion removed. His chin was firm, and square. His neck was rather short, and his shoulders broad. His chest was large relative to his comparatively short stature. His arms and legs were well developed muscularly. He had a generous supply of body hair, which may have been a compensation for the lack of it upon the top of his head. His hands were well formed, mobile, with skin soft and smooth, and nails usually clean and neatly trimmed.



I never saw him use a cane or crutch, or heard him complain of anything being wrong with his body. If there had been, he kept this information to himself. I never saw him take any medication. It is remarkable how healthy he must have been. Except for having fairly routine eye and teeth care from time to time, he incurred in a lifetime only a few conditions that required prompt definitive treatment. When he was a young pathologist at the Boston City Hospital, he had a fistulo-in-ano, which was treated surgically with complete success; Dr. Frank B. Mallory was credited with his careful study of the slides of the tissue removed in

finding the cause: Koch's bacilli. This caused no little concern, as not a few physicians at that time had been laid low in the course of their professional work by this insidious, often devastating infection. His disease, while disabling temporarily, proved to be of limited scope; it was most likely directly related to his handling of, or contact with tuberculosis-diseased tissue, either in the pathology laboratory, or in the presence of people who were carriers of the dread bacillus.²⁰

The most serious illness he had was coronary atherosclerosis. Fortunately for him it made its presence known later in life, after he was seventy. He experienced two separate heart attacks (myocardial infarctions) within a few years of each other, the second more severe than the first. After the second, he lived for twelve years in relative comfort to succumb at the end to heart failure. In his last few years, he lost much of the vision in one eye, but he rarely complained of it. He would never admit to us that it gave him any trouble. If he had, someone might have suggested that he give up driving his car, and he had no intention of doing that, even though dents on the fenders of the car showed up with increasing frequency. The subject of his eyesight never was discussed. His wife and children were left hoping no serious accident would occur.

Father's physical energy seemed limitless. He never admitted he even felt tired. Perhaps this might be partly explained by his ability to relax readily. On almost any occasion, but especially toward the middle of the afternoon, he could quickly drop off to sleep and, in a relatively short time, awaken refreshed and energetic again. Travelling one night with me in the upper berth of a sleeping car did not keep him from getting his night's rest.

Air travel never bothered him. He was among the first to avail himself, in the course of his professional work, of commercial flights. One time he and I were flying back from Baltimore, where he had taken me to visit with old friends at a medical convention. It was about 1940. The aircraft was probably a DC-3, and flew at relatively low altitude, as was then customary. Air turbulence gradually became so severe that I developed nausea and felt I might faint momentarily.

20. A comment by Jean A. Curran (letter of 22 November 1975 to the writer) suggests the intriguing possibility of a connection between Father's encounter with tuberculosis personally and his subsequent attitude toward treatment of the sick: "...That brings me to a question of your father's own experience with tuberculosis, which Proger remembers, as the result of exposure in an Army camp in World War I. During recovery and its ups and downs, there is the impression that he came to personally deeply appreciate the hopes and fears, and depressions that patients experienced psycho-somatically, as he did himself, and hence had the perspective which could only be attained by an ex-patient. In conducting his Thought Control Classes, he was to some extent an active participant, but still the man of faith and positive assurance of recovery that made the difference. I sat in on one of those Classes, and was much impressed with his spiritual influence."

I reached the point where I could no longer endure it. When the aircraft en route landed at Hartford, I gathered up my luggage to get off and continue on to Boston by land. Father had taken a seat across the aisle and had been engrossed throughout the trip in his reading matter and had taken little interest in me. I had to interrupt him, and asked, "Aren't you coming with me?" He turned in his seat and queried, "What's the matter? Where are you going?" "It's too rough", I replied. "I've been feeling weak and sick, and I have to get off. Don't you notice it?" "It's nothing", he reported. "Boston isn't far, stay on", encouraging me to stay with him. I could not, and was about to leave. "You go", he continued, "And I'll see you at home." He was completely unaffected by the discomforts and even dangers of air travel. Severe air turbulence did not bother him. I even believe he revelled in it. This ability of his of being usually unaffected by his environment was an example of his imperturbability, and of course was of great benefit to him.



Father was usually the first up in the house, and the last to retire. Early in the mornings he would share with me the only second floor bathroom at 94 Upland. It was a place all six members of our family used, until, years later, a second was installed next to my parents' bedroom for their own use. Father shaved with a straight razor, sharpened by a leather strop, which hung from a hook on the wall. Afterwards, while the lather remained about his face and neck, he would step into the large bathtub filled enough with cold water so that he could submerge his whole body in it. He would plunge into the tub without hesitation, or quailing in any way. He would snort and thrash about in the few seconds that it required to douse himself thoroughly. At the same time the water from the tub would be scattered about, and if I got too near, I was easily sprayed. He seemed to enjoy it immensely, and often encouraged me to try it. I found it too cold to do it as regularly as he did. The water could be penetratingly frigid some winter mornings, yet for years he persisted in this ritual.

Early in his career he had become intrigued with the healthful effects of water baths. Between 1904 and 1909 he had written five scientific papers on hydrotherapy. In his 1902 and 1908 visits to Germany, he was probably introduced to the custom of going to various Spas for the curative effects of their baths. There he may have been convinced of some of the benefits to be derived from them. His habit of taking cold water immersions in the mornings for many years was an indication of his continued belief in this invigorating activity.



After getting dressed Father would come downstairs, enter the dining room, and sit down promptly at the table set for the six members of the family, Mother

(whom Father and her other intimates called “Rosie”), my sisters Sylvia, Daisy, and Joan, and myself.

His usual custom was to dress in a three piece suit. In his vest he would carry his gold watch and chain that his Uncle Mayo had given him. His clothes were almost always stylish, neat and clean.

It was here about the dining room table that we saw him most frequently. He was at his best at carrying on an animated, interesting conversation. Mother could charm all with her talk, especially at parties, but Father often captured our attention at meals. He had all sorts of comments to make about current events. He easily enthralled us, if he wished, whatever the subject might be. One time it might be a recitation of his favorite poem, “Casey at the Bat”, by Ernest Lawrence Thayer, into which he would put the full power of his dramatic talents. At another it might be a fascinating recounting of some recent happening, or one of long ago. It was characteristic of him to take the time to have us share personally with him some story or event that appealed to him. Almost anything to do with his life was grist for his mill. This was almost the only time we had him close at hand, when he was not buried in a newspaper, journal, or book, or sitting at his desk in the Study reading or writing.

He never had any set diet. However, he usually insisted upon having two soft boiled eggs at breakfast. The few times he would get upset would be when the cook did not give him an exact four minute egg. If it was too soft or hard, he would say, “This egg is not done right.” The eggs would be returned to the kitchen and exchanged for ones properly timed.



One story that will serve as an example of what went on sometimes is the following. “Papa, how did you do it?”, exclaimed Daisy, aged five, the third eldest child, astonished at the seeming miracle Father had just performed. In his own specially graphic manner he had demonstrated how the new discovery “radio” worked. He had taken out his gold watch, held it up, cupping it carefully in his left hand, looking at it with a no-nonsense facial expression, as if he were taking the pulse of one of his patients. Then with solemn intonation he pronounced to all of us, but especially to Daisy, who was sitting at his left, “This is how it works: ‘Calling London....Come in London....What is your weather?’”. He became silent for what seemed like a long time, perhaps fifteen seconds, all the while intently looking at his watch, totally absorbed in what he was doing, while we were all engrossed in what was about to happen. Suddenly he spoke. With not a suggestion on his face that this was anything but the real thing, he quietly announced, “‘This is London....Weather cloudy with possible showers this evening....Tomorrow clear.’” Then as he closed the cover of his gold watch in a precise manner, he glanced up, giving us all the distinct impression of having been particularly pleased at securing such good radio reception. Before any of us could utter a sound, it was Daisy who gasped, “Papa, how did you do it?”

He smoked cigarettes continually in those days, usually *Camels* and *Lucky Strikes*. Packs of cigarettes, together with many ashtrays were scattered about the house, especially in his bedroom, and the Study downstairs. When Father smoked he often would inhale deeply, allowing the smoke to escape slowly from his nose and mouth as he continued talking. I wondered if I might possibly see a little come out of his ears, if I looked closely, but I never did. He continued to smoke up until 1944 when he stopped, following his first heart attack.

One day while I was still young and living at 94 Upland he asked me if I would like to go along with him to the New England Baptist Hospital, where he was going to visit some of his patients. I gladly accepted. We were just entering the lobby as Dr. Frank Lahey was leaving. After the usual pleasantries, Dr. Lahey queried, "Still smoking, Joe?". "Oh yes", Father rejoined. "Have one?". "No thanks", Dr. Lahey dryly commented. "Have no time for them". I recall this encounter as clearly as if it had been yesterday. I thought Father the busiest person I knew, yet here someone else apparently even busier than he.

In spite of his heavy smoking, he rarely coughed. He enjoyed exercise. Walking was a pleasure, and he had to do a lot of it in his early life. For relaxation he joined others in climbing hills, even mountains, and playing golf and tennis. He was particularly good at tennis and for a time was a member of the Longwood Cricket Club, when it was actually located in Longwood. There in his bachelor days he must have had many a game. He approached the sport with gusto and always strove to win. He took keen delight in delivering tricky serves, and in deceiving opponents with short "chops", or sharply angled shots. I played with him in what was probably his last game, which was held on the near-by "Redmond" tennis court on Cumberland Avenue. It was a hot day and by the time the match had ended, his face had become intensely red. He was perspiring profusely and breathing heavily. He had employed all the skill and energy at his command. I was alarmed at Father's condition, for up to that moment he had never shown any distress in what he did and had always seemed fit. He was only fifty-three at the time, but as of that moment I thought of him for the first time as being "old". I told him this was the last tennis game he should play. He must have agreed, for he never played again.

Father would permit no liquor in the house until the time my sisters began to entertain boys of college age. Then Mother flatly insisted that they have some cocktails and finally Father relented, but the bottles, no more than about two, were watched carefully. I never saw him take any hard liquor, rarely some sherry or wine on special occasions.

He always encouraged me to take part in all athletic activities and games at school or college. He generously supplied all the equipment I ever asked for. He wanted his children to partake in all of the wholesomeness and pleasures of sports and exercise as he had.

In his early days of practice when he could not afford a motor vehicle, and he had patients at the New England Baptist Hospital, near the top of Parker Hill, he told me he would take the electric ("trolley") car out Huntington Avenue and climb the steep ascent to where the hospital was perched, not exactly an easy task especially should it be winter and the middle of the night.

Years later, when he had moved to the top of "Pill Hill", he would leave his car in a garage down in Brookline Village during the cold winter months. This was before he had a prefabricated shelter built in the backyard for his and Mother's automobiles. The climb up to the house by foot, toting his doctors' bag and maybe a medical book or two, was done frequently. In those days, when one had to crank up one's car by hand, even after the first selfstarter came out, cold weather might make starting an engine impossible, and placing one's car in a warm garage was often a necessity. Cranking an engine at any time of year was dangerous, as the crank handle could snap backwards, easily injuring oneself severely.



The Depression of the Thirties affected our household, as it did many others. Father's income, which came almost wholly from his private practice, was greatly diminished. Patients, as well as referring physicians, felt that they could no longer afford Father's services as a consultant. Expenses at home continued high. Almost all four children were in non-tax supported schools. To raise the money he required at this time he was forced to sell at a substantial loss the small amount of securities he had been able to accumulate over the years. He had seen the market price of one of his favorite stocks, *U.S. Rubber*, rise precipitously. Refusing to sell at the high, as he had been optimistic of the price of the stock rising even higher he watched agonizingly as it dropped below what it had cost him originally. His financial situation worsened and later he was forced to borrow all the money he could on the mortgage of his house as well as on his life insurance. He cut expenses at home and at the office where possible, as he continued to try to give his children, like his own Mother did, the education he thought they deserved.

Domestic help at home was the first to be eliminated. Mother, with cooking lessons in hand, took over the kitchen, while Father, in turn, managed the furnace. Before anyone was up, he would be in the cellar, shaking down the ashes, then shovelling in the large lumps of the anthracite coal. In the evening, when he returned home, he would again tend the furnace, banking it, shutting off the draft, and opening the check vents in the fire door. He was adamant, perhaps most wisely, about not hauling the heavy ash barrels up the steep cellar stairway to the out-of-doors. This work continued to be done by the still retained handymen, Charlie Williamson and Michael Loconte.

At no time was Father seen to do any repairs about the house or car. He never changed the screens or storm windows. I never saw a hammer or a screwdriver in his hand. He once said, "Dennie, if one has a profession, one should concentrate on it, and with the income from it, pay someone else, whose work it is to

do that job." This was, in fact, Father's way of rationalizing to explain why he personally did not attend to many of the household chores. Actually, he was right. He could afford, most of the time, to have others do the necessary work at home and on the automobiles. He saw no point in his getting involved in these jobs when he would much rather have been doing what he loved most, his medical work.

It was his custom, particularly during the Great Depression, to keep a small notebook that would fit into one of his pockets. He would list everything he bought down to a haircut at "Dan's", a brief meal at Bickfords, or a newspaper. On the other hand when money²¹ became available to take a trip to Europe to attend an important medical convention where he could revisit with old medical friends, he would go First Class on the Trans-Atlantic steamer and hang the cost. To us this only added further to what was captivating about Father. At one time, pinching his pennies, at another, full of the exhilarating excitement of the moment, he was dashing off in a taxi, with not a minute to spare, to catch the express train at the Back Bay Station, on his way to Europe.



For several summers our parents rented a small white frame house for a month or so in Wonalancet, New Hampshire, about halfway from the small village to Ferncroft, a simple, comfortable Inn snugly located at the foot of the White Mountains. The house was set close to the road, and overlooked extensive pastures and the distant mountain slopes. This particular area was chosen chiefly for Mother, who had suffered severely for years from a ragweed allergy. In this lovely retreat she found relief. We children loved the whole experience. It was so much cooler than in Brookline, and the mountain scenery cast a spell upon us that has never been broken. These were the first high hills and towering mountains we had seen. The deep mysterious forests surrounding us on all sides provided endless fascination. Their initial allure has never been diminished. We thought ourselves very lucky and each day thoroughly delighted us.

Ferncroft catered to people of secure but modest means who loved this part of New England and liked to climb the local mountain trails. The low well-sheltered buildings were surrounded by a heavy growth of shrubbery, vines, and graceful

21. One of Father's most grateful patients, Mrs. Herman Loeb of Philadelphia, somehow learned that Father wanted to attend an important medical conference in Europe at this time, but he just could not afford it. A check for \$500, or thereabouts, was on his desk the next day.

trees. It had about twenty guest rooms, accommodating perhaps forty to fifty people at one time. On the first floor were attractive sitting rooms and a large dining area, skirted by cool, broad verandas. A well screened tennis court in front near a small winding driveway completed the scene. My sisters and I never stayed or ate there, but our parents probably did on rare occasions. It was there that they joined others to climb the local peaks of Wonalancet, Whiteface, Passaconoway and Chocorua.

On one trip to Wonalancet from Brookline, Father took his new Touring Model T. Ford. An early morning start had been made. There were five in all, our parents and us three children, plus our luggage. The car was heavily loaded. Everything had gone well until we entered the hilly country not far from our summer cottage. One steep incline the automobile could not climb. I recall the vehicle being allowed to roll back down the hill to the bottom, where we all got out except for Father, who started up the hill again, finally making it to the top. Then, the rest of us set out by foot, climbing up to where the car was at the top of the rise. After we had resealed ourselves, we continued on our way.



My parents were strict disciplinarians. If Mother felt that one of the children should be punished for something, it might end in a severe spanking with her hand, a hair brush or a strap. If she felt she could not cope with the situation, when Father returned home, Mother would ask him to take over the responsibility of the moment, and administer the punishment that was due. One time one of my sisters was insolent and disobedient to Mother. A punishment was in order, but the door to my sister's room had been slammed shut in Mother's face and was locked. There was little that could be done until Father got home. The story goes that he was let into the room where my sister was lying back on the bed expecting the worse but hoping her expression of innocence would save her. He stood there with a troubled expression on his face. After a prolonged pause, he said, "Daisy, why did you...." and his voice trailed off to a whisper. He continued to stand there for several moments but no further words came. He turned silently and left. In that special circumstance that was all Father could do.

With me at times he could be different. Not just once have I felt the burning pain of the tough leather thonged strap or the back of the hair brush at his hand, or been locked alone in my bedroom for hours, to eat my supper of a bowl of pieces of white bread and milk for some misbehavior of mine. He could be gentle, and generously forgiving at times, but then at others, firm and even severe with what he must have believed was correct discipline.

When it came time to give me his advice in my sexual education, it was Mother who said, "I'll take care of the girls, but you have to discuss it all with Dennie." I was in my room alone when he entered silently and soberly. He did not look at me, but slowly walked to the window overlooking the garden below. The sunshine flooded his part of the room. I guess I dreaded what he would say

or do. After some moments of embarrassing silence, he uttered his advice in one sentence, "Leave it alone," and then abruptly withdrew from the room, shutting the door, while I was left curiously wondering and puzzled.



Sunday was a day for religious worship. We children were made to attend Sunday school and church, and attempts were made for us to learn Judeo-Christian ethics from this, as well as from special readings by him from the Bible. Father was a strong believer in this approach. Back in Titicut he told us he had to go to as many as three church services on Sundays with his parents. Perhaps as a result he was imbued with the importance and value of a continual religious life. There were later years when he read regularly from the Bible or the English Book of Common Prayer. He had a practice of making notes in the latter as to when he had studied a particular section. For some readings of his there were five or six separate dates, written in his careful neat hand, such as 9 X 41 for October ninth, 1941, or 6 VI 52 for June sixth, 1952. His records were models of precision.

He would often kneel and pray before getting into his bed at night. He would admonish: "Get into the habit of praying each night before going to bed, and go to Church each Sunday." Theological and other spiritual matters always interested him, and he kept many books and papers on this subject in his extensive library at home. In our early years in Brookline, the family attended St. Paul's Church, of which the Reverend William Lathrop Clark was the rector.²² This was the man who helped influence Father and Mother to try Westport Point as a summer place. Much later on, our parents became members of Boston's Trinity Church in Copley Square. They were drawn there by a new rector, Henry Knox Sherrill, and still later by the succeeding minister, Arthur Lee Kinsolving. The latter, then single, attracted thousands to his services. Kinsolving became a close friend of our parents and he was a guest at our house on more than one occasion. Every member of our household was enthralled by him. His unfailing charm, inpeccable good manners, and dynamic personality won the affection of many who came to know him.

Father conceded to us once that at one time he was drawn to the Roman Catholic Church and its teachings. For that his intellectual curiosity was probably largely responsible. One day he took me to a lecture given by the popular Monsignor Fulton Sheen in Boston. He was full of enthusiasm for the well known

22. Subsequently, when the Reverend Frederic Lawrence was its rector Father served for a time as its Senior Warden. He was often asked to join other men to help in the collection.

cleric and somehow had gotten to know him personally. After this lecture he introduced me to him, a man of exciting magnetism. I was impressed, naturally, as his talk had been as exhilarating as any I had heard. I was touched by Father's thoughtfulness in taking me along with him to share in hearing and meeting this famous personage. The day's event opened my mind even more to the wide field of vision encompassed by Father's attitude toward people and life in general.²³



Father could be completely relied upon in our dealings with him. A promise was a promise always. In that way he was a steady guidepost to us. His sincerity in all matters was never doubted. An example of this would be the following account. When I was ten, or so, I pleaded with him to take me sometime on a long trip. He agreed, but told me it was impossible to do it for awhile. He promised that when I was twelve, he would take me to New York City, and we would go by ship through the Cape Cod Canal. Months passed. I became twelve, and I waited patiently until he said we would go on the long promised trip. Already it was October and the following month I would become thirteen. I spoke to him about the pledge he had once made to me. He gasped for a moment, and said, "You're right. I did promise you this trip to New York when you became twelve, and now you're almost thirteen. It will be difficult for me to rearrange things at the office, but we'll go." What he had to do to change his schedule so abruptly I never knew. The very next Friday, however, we were on one of the side-wheelers of the Eastern Steamship Line, headed out of Boston Harbor. It was a thrilling moment. Later I was particularly fascinated as I watched from the deck as the ship glided slowly through the Cape Cod Canal and out into the upper part of Buzzards Bay. At this time there was the added excitement of the ship's searchlight playing on various parts of the shore, as was then customary. The visit to New York City was a great success. Father arranged to have us taken on a special guided tour, which included an elevator ride to the top of the Woolworth building, then the tallest commercial structure in the world.

Saturday evening we went to see the vaudeville show at B. F. Keith's Hippodrome. The next morning, he took me to the eleven o'clock service at the Riverside Church where we heard a sermon by ^{Harry}~~Raymond~~ Emerson Fosdick, surely an unforgettable experience. It is possible that one reason Father had for coming to New York City was his wish to hear this noted minister.



23. For another view on Father's religious life, see Appendix G. (Commentaries . Letter of R.P.W.)

Mother handled me as best she could, but she simply was not prepared psychologically, or even physically, to having three active, boisterous children within the first four years of her marriage. However, she did have help in the form of servants much of the time. She also had the benefits of devoted parents who lived nearby in Andover. She always was on the best of terms with them, and she relied on them to help her in various ways as long as they lived, especially when her own domestic stresses were accentuated.

She had a strong, persuasive personality of her own, and on certain occasions could have things go her way. Father would comply when he could see it would be hazardous, or even useless, to resist. He did not mind subjecting himself to inconveniences if he thought it worthwhile to preserve family harmony.

One of her great interests was the garden she had created around the south side of our house. She had turned an unimpressive space into a beautiful landscaped area with many different plants, including rose arbors, a terrace, and decorative fencing. In this she was helped mostly by Michael Laconte, an Italian-born man, who, while speaking only broken English, was a good gardener and a devoted servant to our family for years. Father appeared to enjoy the beauties of the attractive garden and supported Mother in her efforts. But no trowel, rake, or shovel found their way into his hand.



After graduating from the local public grammar school; I was sent to a military preparatory school. Shenandoah Valley Academy, in Winchester, Virginia. I was thirteen and had probably given my parents enough reason to make them believe I might be benefited by some regular discipline, as well as by exposure to the charms of Southern manners and hospitality.

Mother had attended Hollins College in Roanoke, Virginia, and had had a wonderful time there. For her, Southern schools and colleges held great appeal. She was determined that if possible all four of her children should get some of their education in the South. In 1925, it was my turn.

My parents had never seen the school to which they were sending me. They had been influenced, I believe, chiefly by a fancy catalogue, and the recommendation of some not too well known friends. Father was to take time off and accompany me, to see that I would get to the school properly.

Mother had an older sister, who came some summers to Andover from Quincy, Illinois, with her husband, Alfred Castle, ("Uncle Alf") and their four children, three girls and one boy. Mother was emphatic with Father that, in order to be more economical, he could travel with me the way her sister's husband had always travelled east with one of their children, on the train, together in an upper berth. She seemed so sure about the whole matter that he took her word for it and bought only one upper berth ticket on the Federal Express, the Boston to Washington train. We boarded our Pullman sleeping car at the South Station, long before departure time, and soon retired for the night. At no time did I resist

this plan, nor would it have been useful to make remonstrances, as I always had felt completely dominated by my parents. Sleeping for me that night was virtually impossible and I only dozed fitfully. Father slept soundly. In the middle of the night, I had to go to the Men's Room at one end of the darkened Pullman. On my way back I climbed up into what I believed was my berth. All of a sudden the quiet of the night was erased by a women's screech that penetrated every corner of the sleeping car. I had mistaken our berth for the one next to ours. I was horrified at my mistake, but moved quickly. The scream and the scuffling must have awakened Father. He grumbled, drowsily, "What's happening?" I told him, and after saying something like, "Get back to sleep," he turned over on his side and resumed his slumber. For him the incident was closed. He never mentioned it again. I never forgot it.

Some months afterwards he was talking with Uncle Alf and the story of taking a single berth with me from Boston to Washington arose in their conversation. Father admitted that travelling that way had certain discomforts, but that if he had been coming in from Illinois that same way for so many years, well, he could do it, too. "Why, Joe," Uncle Alf exclaimed in astonished tones, "I never did that with anybody in my life. I don't know where in the world Rosie (Mother) ever got such an idea." At that Father must have dropped his lower jaw, half-smiling. He shook his head slowly several times, and then laughed. "Rosie told me you did, and I believed her, but the joke, if one can call it that, is surely on me," Father continued. Pausing a second, or so, he added, "and on Dennie, too."



During my first year at college, Father intimated that I should be thinking seriously about what to do with my life. He probably was inwardly disturbed by my insouciance and naivete. Girls, dances and various athletic activities were a large part of the scene. Even so I had a natural inclination and talent toward art and architecture. He told me to explore opportunities in that latter field and I did. One visit to a world famous architect in Brookline convinced me that at the time only the foolhardy or the well-to-do should make the attempt at that career. Shortly thereafter, it was Father who persuaded me to think of medicine as a suitable profession. Previously I had mentioned to him that I had long wondered how a fingernail grows. Instantly, he became enthusiastic upon my mere mention of that biological fact. "Rosie", speaking to Mother, "I think Dennie might go into medicine." Upon that one single transparent observation, he encouraged me to arrange my college studies so that I would major in the field of biochemistry. If I did decide later to go on to medical school, I would have had suitable preparation. He was right. By the time I finished my third year at Harvard College, I applied and was accepted for admission to the Yale School of Medicine in the fall of 1933. It was no secret, I had always felt, that this feat was accomplished largely through Father's influence with the current Dean, Milton C. Winternitz, who was delighted to do a staunch old friend a favor.

VI

Father was often away from the house, sometimes for several days at a time. We children missed him but not too badly, but Mother felt his absences acutely. One day I approached her in regard to this matter, and she said she would attempt to explain part of it with a little story. She then related the following anecdote. Her mother-in-law, Mrs. Martin Pratt, whom she rarely saw, had come over to the house for afternoon tea. They had a pleasant visit with enough time for an intimate chat. Gradually, the conversation got around to Father's frequent absences from home. Mother probably did not admit it then, but she was upset over being without him so much. Romantic fantasies she once might have had of leading a gay city life of the wife of a prominent Boston physician had all but disappeared. She had hoped the mother of her husband would help her. She asked her if it would not be possible for her to talk to her son about this. She had never made any request like this before, so she was optimistic. However, after a brief pause, the elder Mrs. Pratt turned to Mother and made this simple, terse response: "Well, the dear boy *is* very persistent."

Mother just had to adapt as best she could. She had married a man whose work required him to be away from home a good deal, work in which he was completely involved. It had been a love match but difficulties with the marriage had developed which she had not anticipated. It was true that there were some incompatibilities, but she was determined to weather them. She needed Father many times at home when, regrettably, he could not be there. Although she loved being outdoors where she could take long walks, play tennis, or even skate in winter, she was often disabled by her ailments, which included back pains, migraine, ragweed allergy and motion sickness. The latter often spoiled, or even prevented, many a trip whether by land, on water or in the air.

Persistence was probably one of Father's outstanding characteristics. It was one that he well could have inherited or acquired from his mother and it benefited him in many ways. It made him carry on in the early part of his career in his attempts to demonstrate to the health professions, especially many unconvinced physicians, the efficacy, even superiority, of complete bed rest in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis. This disease was especially common among the poor, who

were often compelled to live in crowded conditions. Father did not let this deter him. He found that he could obtain as good results treating these people on absolute bed rest in their dilapidated tenements as others did in distant expensive sanatoria.²⁴ In this endeavor, he finally proved, to most people's satisfaction, that he was correct. His persistence paid off. Father's Mother knew her son well.



In spite of many favorable aspects of Father's life, his special talents, his good health, his happy marriage and his remarkable successes in his field of endeavor, his career was not free of disappointment. The most serious one, perhaps, was that he had never been invited to join the faculty of Harvard Medical School. One story had it that one or more of that important group had taken offense at certain things young Dr. Pratt had done in his early years in Boston. No one revealed the reason behind this rejection although most of his intimates must have been aware of what happened. Possibly his advanced views on medical matters, as well as the manner in which he presented them were at fault.

He told me he thought he had been the first in Boston to wear, instead of one's regular street clothes, the long, white laboratory-type coat while visiting patients. Father had learned in his two visits to Germany of the custom of many hospital physicians of wearing this type of dress. This somewhat brash, novel act could have offended some of the medical hierarchy's tender sensibilities and resulted in a "put down" for the young doctor from North Middleboro. Those who knew Father would have to concede that he could be bold and forthright in what he believed. This aspect of his personality could easily have raised the hackles of some. While Father's enthusiasms might have been stimulating, and even infectious, they might have been equally irritating, even intolerable, for others.²⁵

24. Plates 10, 11, and 16.

25. From a letter of 22 November 1975 to the author from Jean A. Curran "... Your father's dedication to science and his very important preparation for medicine at Wilbraham and especially under Chittenden at 'Sheff' would have made him quite outstanding and perhaps critical of what he encountered at Harvard Medical School in his first year there, at the old buildings on Copley Square, where biochemistry and especially bacteriology were not fully developed. It may be that he was outspokenly critical of what he experienced, in contrast to what he heard about Johns Hopkins from Dr. William T. Councilman, who was a member of the original group at Hopkins, before 'retiring' to H.M.S. (Harvard Medical School). Sam Proger thinks that Councilman's influence was decisive. His* transfer to J.H.S. (Johns Hopkins Medical School) by your father must have been unprecedented and probably resented, which may explain the mystery of his failure to attain a Harvard faculty appointment in later years." (*Dr. Curran probably intended to write The.)

It was probably fortunate, in a perverse, ironic way, that he had not been tendered a Harvard Medical School faculty appointment. He admitted it might have involved him in more administrative work than he would have wished. Furthermore, years later, when the position of Physician-in-Chief of the Boston Dispensary was open, he conceded he might not have been able to accept it. There would not then have been any Pratt Diagnostic Hospital or the Tufts-New England Medical Center, as it is known today.

Once when he was on the grounds of the Harvard Medical School, where he had conducted part of his research at their animal laboratories for years, he was approached by one of his friends on the medical faculty. "Joe", he was asked, in a low voice, "how is it that you continue to work here so industriously when you know you never will be given an appointment to the teaching staff?" The essence of father's reply was, "That may be correct and it has hurt me deeply, but I enjoy the research I do and am grateful I am allowed to continue for this work is a pleasure for me, even though I realize it is true what you say".

"You know, Dennie", he went on, "That was remarkable. I never let it get me down." Pausing in silence, perhaps reflecting, he added this homily: "Do not let the pricks of misfortune discourage or defeat you." In this same vein on other occasions, he would say, "Make every knock a boost" or "Consume your own smoke." A frequent quote of his was, "If you cannot say something nice about someone, say nothing." The one I heard him say perhaps most often was "The Master Word is Work." A brief reflection of what laid behind this saying might possibly reveal the secret that, involving himself in an all-out concentration on work, he found not only an inward pleasure, but a means of his acquiring the "Aequinimitas" his mentor, Osler, stressed so often, and which he found throughout his life he needed so much himself.

For years we knew he had mysterious nightmares, in some of which he was said to wake up in distress, crying out loudly in unintelligible sounds, which we children could easily hear. I expect Mother was there trying in her best way to calm him. These nocturnal alarms and the reasons for them were never discussed openly. I imagine any explanation by him, or Mother, to us would have too traumatic.

VII

In 1927, there came an event that was to be one of the most significant in his later life. The Trustees of the Boston Dispensary had been looking for a new Physician-in-Chief. The Dispensary, although an honorable institution of long standing, was not exactly a plum in the medical world of Boston. Few came forward who were acceptable. The position was then offered to Father and, after much pondering, he accepted it. Starting slowly, with a good deal of trepidation, he took on his new work with energy, enthusiasm, and optimism. He was soon deeply involved in his attempt to upgrade the quality of the medical work done at the Dispensary as well as to reorganize it, if possible, along more modern lines, although he soon realized the complexities and difficulties of such a task.

At this period he was fortunate to be able to secure, through an old friend of his, James Paullin in Atlanta, an able assistant, Samuel Proger, a recent graduate of Emory University School of Medicine who, after initially planning to return to Atlanta, his home, after his post-graduate association with Father was finished, decided to stay on and join forces with him. This he did with outstanding success. Proger's abilities and skills blended with those of Father's to create what proved to be a fruitful combination. Their devotion to and friendship for each became widely recognized.

Staffing the Dispensary with able, dedicated physicians was a difficult problem. Money was scarce. To do a better job would take even more. It was going to take much longer than Father at first contemplated. A fortunate coincidence, occurred about this time. The anti-Semitic policies of the newly established Nazi government were forcing many people to leave Germany, as well as other parts of western Europe. Through Father's long association with certain prominent physicians in the forefront of German medicine he had crucial contacts in this disturbing time. In the course of the reorganization of the Boston Dispensary, positions were made available for certain qualified physicians. Many accepted and came, some for shorter periods, others for longer. Some of these newcomers ended up in establishing permanent homes in the Boston area, some making the Dispensary their primary place of work. Thus began the initial phase of what was to become the New England Medical Center. The latter, in 1931, was organized

through an affiliation of the Boston Dispensary with the Boston Floating Hospital for Children, and Tufts Medical School.



Perhaps the most remarkable patient Father had was William Bingham, II, a wealthy philanthropic bachelor, who came from Cleveland originally, but later established his permanent residence in Bethel, Maine. He was a recluse, self-effacing and shy, yet capable of firm lasting friendship. His experience in living much of the year in Maine aroused in time an ardent interest in the people and their way of life in that State. Later his concern spread beyond the confines of that particular part of New England. As events evolved, Bingham played a most significant role in the later phase of Father's career, as well as in the development of health services and medical education in New England.

How Bingham came to know Father is, to me, a story by itself. It was 1931, the time of the Great Depression, which had affected Father's practice so adversely. His income was undergoing a sharp decline, while his expenses, largely due to his children's schooling, continued to be heavy. It so happened that just about this time in Baltimore there was a physician of prominence, William S. Thayer, who had been a friend of Father's since his early days at Hopkins. One of Thayer's many patients was John George Gehring, also a physician, who had organized in Bethel, Maine, a nationally known and highly successful sanatorium, which specialized in the treatment of persons, mostly well-to-do, whose health problems were chiefly of a neurotic nature. About nine years previously, he had retired from practice.

For sometime, Gehring had been consulting Thayer, for a heart ailment. During the course of one visit possibly on a hot summer day, the subject arose as to how long and arduous these trips from Bethel to Baltimore might be proving to be for Gehring who already was well beyond middle age. It was then that Thayer, in a spontaneous off-hand moment suggested that his patient consider consulting Joe Pratt in Boston, whom he could recommend highly, and who was in his opinion equally if not more skilled in the treatment of cardiac disease than he. The decision was made and an appointment arranged with Father who met Gehring not many days later. A successful handling of Gehring's problem ensued. A good patient-doctor relationship developed and the two became fast friends.

The topic of Gehring's former work must have come up during the course of treatment. Father succeeded in persuading Gehring to develop a limited practice in psychotherapy and offered to join forces with him and another young physician of marked ability in the treatment of the psychoneuroses by forming a group called the Gehring Associates.

It was at this time that Father first learned about William Bingham, who for a long time had been under the personal care of Gehring. The latter saw his patient on a daily basis, a unique assignment for the attending physician.

In Bethel, Gehring had a large comfortable house where he lived the good part of the year with his wife, a charming person, as was her husband. Mrs. Gehring had a son, by a previous marriage, George Farnsworth, a physician of Cleveland. In the course of time, Farnsworth discontinued his practice in Ohio and became instead Bingham's personal physician. Through some connection, probably Gehring, Father was approached in 1932 for the purpose of determining if he would ever consider, as a special favor, taking over the personal medical supervision of Bingham during July and August so that Farnsworth might get away with his family at a summer home he had maintained for some years at Christmas Cove on the Maine coast. Here he was able to enjoy, among other amenities, the satisfactions as well as the trials of sailing his own pleasure craft.

Upon due deliberation Father accepted the offer. There was one condition, however. First, he would have to be given the opportunity to give Bingham a thorough medical examination. A requirement would be that he come to Boston and enter a hospital as an in-patient. It was simply out of the question that it be done otherwise. Gehring, Farnsworth, and Bingham all agreed to the plan and its provisions.

Up to this point it must be understood Bingham had not met or even talked to Father. That would have to come later.

"This will be different for you, Dr. Pratt," he was informed by one executive of the Bingham entourage. "Mr. Bingham does not see people easily. He will have to look at you first without your looking at him." "Then I don't get to see him the first day?" queried Father. "No," was the answer. "You will receive your customary consulting fee, but you are not to see him until we tell you he is ready to be interviewed by you." "How is this done?" relied Father. "You will merely walk along the corridor by Mr. Bingham's door, which we will arrange to have open. You will slowly turn around and walk back. That will be all." "That will be all for the day?" "Yes, Dr. Pratt, we will telephone you at your office tomorrow morning and let you know if he wishes to see you again or not." The next morning Father got a call from his secretary that Mr. Bingham would see him, but the conversation must not be anything medical or personal. Father was told to keep subject matter light. "Mr. Bingham likes baseball; does Dr. Pratt like baseball?" Oh, yes, Father said he was fond of baseball and when he could, would go to an occasional Red Sox game, "Fine," came the reply, "talk baseball, you will be paid your full fee regardless, have no concern."

So that day and perhaps the next, Father kept the conversation light, and for part of the time, talk ran to baseball. Finally, of course, Father was able to complete his physical examination. Both individuals found mutually compatible interests and concerns in each other, and a long, fruitful, friendly association had its beginnings.

Subsequently a discussion arose as to how Father was to be compensated when he would move to Bethel for July and August. "Let us know what your current expenses are, both at the office and at home," he was informed. He went back over his records, checking his figures carefully several times. Finally, he came up with sixteen hundred dollars a month, a sum which at first seemed to him to be in-

credibly high. "We shall double that, if it is satisfactory for you." It was. Father was quite overcome and could barely believe what had happened. Fate, in a darkening world, had smiled upon him again.

A few days later an envelope arrived by mail, enclosing a number of cheques, each one to cover the week that Father had agreed to be the physician in attendance. The cheques, all neatly numbered, were made out to him for \$800.00 apiece, each one dated ahead in proper chronological order.

That summer, after he had turned over his office and hospital practice to another physician who would cover him until he returned, Father drove to Bethel, and took over from Farnsworth the complete day-to-day medical supervision of Mr. Bingham. Here Mother joined Father after he had been given time to establish himself. They stayed at the superbly managed Bethel Inn, with its comfortable, cheery rooms, and excellent cuisine and service. Both enjoyed the beautiful countryside and the clear, clean mountain air. For Mother, an added benefit was relief from her severely disabling ragweed allergy.

This arrangement for Father and Mother to spend their summers in Bethel persisted for several years. It was mutually advantageous for both Bingham and Father. The former had a physician for visits usually twice a day, while the latter had the pleasantest of long vacations with his wife, as well as his children from time to time. Not to be lightly regarded was the accompanying financial windfall that could not have come at a more propitious moment.

That Father was in an expansive frame of mind may be made clear when one is told that on the second summer that he went to Bethel, he used part of the money he received to send me and my younger sister, Daisy, to Europe on what proved to be a most wonderfully inspiring experience. The major part of the trip was planned by Father in that my sister was to live several months with a French family, and I, for a shorter time, with a member of the Faculty of the ancient University of Wurzburg, a Professor Manigold, his wife, and several children. It was all a wonderful, rewarding experience.



Through this summer association with Bingham, time was available for him to hear about Father's work at the Boston Dispensary. Bingham's interest was aroused and, in time, he became instrumental in giving large sums of money to support the plans Father had in mind for various developments at the Dispensary. This included, chiefly, the establishment in 1931 of an in-patient division in the Department of Medicine, known as the Diagnostic Ward. When the facilities of the latter were insufficient to the demand for beds, Bringham provided funds for the construction of a much larger and more complete unit which was to become the Joseph Hersey Pratt Diagnostic Hospital. It was an exciting time.

After the hospital had been finished, Father moved his office from where he had been on 270 Commonwealth Avenue, into a suite on the first floor, together with other physicians on the Staff. One of Father's special interests at the

time was the establishment of a small library with journals and reference books on the first floor. He had contributed some of his treasured volumes, but in the beginning many of the shelves remained bare. One night at dinner at home he was bubbling over with excitement. We had not long to wait before he began. "Mr. Bingham today gave me ten thousand dollars, Rosie. Isn't that great?" His face was wreathed in smiles. "That's wonderful, dear," Mother exclaimed, catching the spirit of euphoria about the table. "Now we can do that European trip we have been promising ourselves for so long. I can't wait to go!" "Oh, Rosie, not for that," he expostulated. "It's for the hospital library." (Mother collapses in disappointment, while Father goes on talking about other aspects of the new building, an impossible dream come true.)



In his work with patients at the Dispensary, as well as in his private practice, Father had encountered numerous instances where the chief and sometimes the only diagnosis was a psychoneurosis. It was clearly evident that it would prove to be impractical to try to treat each patient individually. Another way was sought. To help handle this problem, he established at the Dispensary what was called the Thought Control Class. Patients, having the diagnosis of psychoneurosis given to them, were assigned, where feasible, to this group. Its success was phenomenal. There were many stories that concerned some of the more interesting or amusing aspects of the "Class." The *Readers Digest* once ran an article on the "Class," which brought it and Father's work there to the attention of millions. For this, and even more for his innovative work in originating the Class Treatment of tuberculosis in the early stage of his career, he has been acknowledged the Father of modern group therapy in America.

In 1937, the cornerstone of the Joseph Hersey Pratt Diagnostic Hospital was to be laid. Father was to be sixty-five December fifth in that year, and great was the celebration.²⁶

26. For a detailed account of this occasion, and others, plus the "Festschrift" the commemorative volume on Father's sixty-fifth birthday, the reader should refer to the Joseph Hersey Pratt Collection, Francis A. Countway Library, Boston, Massachusetts.

VIII

Like many physicians, Father had patients of diverse backgrounds. He had the ability to get along well with most people who, in turn, took to him. Some of his most devoted patients were Jewish. An enchanting story that we all enjoyed particularly was that of one middle-aged Jewish woman of modest means who had asked him to have dinner at her home many times. This was about the only way she could indicate to Father her profound gratitude for his medical care of her over many years. Finally, an opportunity presented itself, and he found he had time to accept her “open” invitation. He contacted her and a date was set. He arrived at the house located in a crowded section of downtown Boston. Once inside the front door, he was warmly and effusively welcomed by his patient and other members of her family who had come to join in the festivities. He was asked to sit down at a large table where there was an abundance of food and drink. Dinner began, one different course succeeding another. He was delighted with the reception. He was urged to partake of every offering and not wishing to offend his hosts in any way, complied until he could consume no more. Hardly ever had he been shown such generous hospitality. At the end it came time to leave. Just as Father was expressing his thanks and goodbyes were being said, his hostess drew him aside, and moving quite close, whispered, “Oh, Dr. Pratt, you’re *so* smart, I know.” Then, her voice shifting to a slightly higher pitched questioning tone, she whispered, “You a little bit Jewish, eh?”



One of Father’s favorite anecdotes was one about a middle-aged maiden lady, who lived alone in an apartment in the Pilgrim Hotel on Commonwealth Avenue. She was the daughter of one of the most successful tailors of custom made clothes for men in Boston, who had been himself a patient of Father’s for many years. When her father died, it was understood that he had left his daughter in comfortable circumstances. Some years later she came into the Diagnostic Hospital under Father’s care for a complaint of some standing and was completing an

extensive work-up. No disease had been uncovered, but before she was to be discharged, Father wanted one final test done. When he brought this subject up in a discussion with her in her private room, she said it would not be possible. Her hospital bill already was almost more than she could afford and another test was out of the question. "My income," she went on, "is barely sufficient for my day to day expenses at the Pilgrim. I will have to be going home tomorrow." Father was crestfallen. He did not want her to leave before his examination was satisfactorily completed. He asked himself quickly was there a way out of this predicament? He tried another tack. He had known over the years that her bills had been paid through a trust account at a leading Boston banking house. He felt sure her financial affairs had been managed prudently. Having in the past noted the name of her trust officer, he asked her if it would be permissible for him to get in touch with him. "Oh, yes, Dr. Pratt," she replied, "that would certainly be all right, but I'm sure nothing will come of it. I know my balance is low. He'll tell you the same thing. It won't make a bit of difference." Father's hopes faltered, but he was determined to make the attempt. He excused himself to go to his office. There he got his secretary to contact the bank. Over the telephone, she was told that, in this special situation, it would get hold of the patient's trust officer who would look up the account and call her back as soon as possible. After a few minutes, the trust officer telephoned back telling Father that there was indeed a substantial cash balance in her account, enough for any tests he might wish to carry out. There was simply no cause for concern as to insufficient funds. In addition, he continued, according to special provisions in her father's will, there was to be, in a few days, a distribution of the final third of his estate that would increase considerably the funds already in her account. Father was delighted with this good news. He knew his patient would be relieved, and furthermore the test could be done. He thanked the trust officer in a calm, polite way that belied his inward excitement. He hurried back to his patient bearing the pleasant message. When he finished relating the many details of his effort on her behalf and, parenthetically, on his as well, she solemnly responded in a whining, plaintive tone, "But Dr. Pratt, *think of the taxes.*"



When persons are said to be absent-minded, misunderstanding what that term may mean for many is a common failing. I've heard people say Father was absent-minded at times and some of them have had their special pet story to tell. One account, perhaps told of others, was the following: about two o'clock one afternoon he was walking along Commonwealth Avenue near his office at 270 when an acquaintance spied him and the two were soon engaged in a prolonged conversation. When they came to part, it is alleged that Father looked somewhat bewildered, then called out, "Did you notice which way I was headed when you met me?" His friend quickly replied, "Why, yes, Joe, you were going down this way." Father then is said to have responded, "Thanks. Then I've had my lunch."

IX

In his early seventies, Father sustained two separate heart attacks. The second more severe in some ways than the first. Following the latter he continued his convalescence at home under the continuing care and watchful eyes of both Sam Proger and Sam Levine.²⁷ For many weeks his condition remained critical. Progress was slow and orders had been left that he was to be strictly confined to bed on the second floor. Mother, naturally alarmed at the seriousness of his disease, took turns as nurse part of each day. One time she had to leave the house to attend to a matter of some importance. She was to be away for about two hours. During her absence, Father was necessarily left alone. He decided he felt well enough to sit up for a while in the chair by his bed, a recommendation made by Sam Levine to some of his cardiac patients, and possibly, in this instance, made to Father. It was not Proger's view, and Proger was in charge. While Father was still sitting in his chair in his bedroom, Mother returned sooner than expected. Her errand had not taken as long as she had thought. She found Father out of bed, as he had not had time to get back, "Why, Joe," she exclaimed, "I didn't know you were allowed up." "Oh, yes," Father nervously replied, "Sam Levine lets many of his patients up in a chair, some even the day following a heart attack." She was upset, yet decided at the moment not to offer a rebuttal. She helped Father get back into bed, saw that he appeared none the worse for his exertions and descended to the Study. She had not been there many minutes before Proger arrived for his regular late afternoon visit. After awhile, he came downstairs and into the room to see Mother. "Well, how did you find him today, Sam?" she queried. "A little weak, and pale," replied the visitor. "Oh," said Mother, "and did he tell you

27. Samuel D. Levine, M.D., noted cardiologist, Professor of Medicine, Harvard Medical School, and former medical student of Father's, a devoted friend.

he sat up today?" "Sat up?", cried out Sam. "Yes, today when I returned from the village, I found him sitting up. He said it was Sam Levine's advice." "Sam Levine! My orders were strict bed rest. I'll not have him changing my orders. No wonder he did not look so good to me just now," expostulated Proger. A short while afterwards, he left. Mother then went up to Father's bedroom. "You heard what Sam just said to me downstairs," as she stood at the foot of his bed. "Why, Joe," she exclaimed, pursuing the quarry. "You told me Sam Levine said it was all right for you to sit up. Dr. Proger found you not as well as yesterday and is terribly upset that he heard you were sitting up in the chair." Father remained silent, looking thoroughly remorseful. "I don't understand," she went on, "how you could do a thing like that. All of us trying so hard to get you well, after you being so sick. You certainly wouldn't have allowed your own patients, ill as you've been, to do a thing like that." Another long silence. "Would you, Joe?", she went on. Another silence, even longer. Father then replied with a sheepish, almost mischievous expression, "Well, Rosie, you see sometimes I am a bit sly."



In the latter part of the 1930's Mother and Father became interested in spending their summer vacations on Cape Cod. Father had so many connections with "The Cape", perhaps more so on his Mother's side than his Father's. His cousin Norman had had a cottage for years at Pocasset. An aunt had had one in Monument Beach. My parents probably surveyed a good part of the Cape area carefully, and in the end decided to locate in Dennis. They had run across friends who knew that part of the "North Side" of the Cape, and liked it.

At first they rented one or more rooms. Then when they found their children wished to join them, they would engage a house for a month, usually August. These proved to be happy summers for my parents, where they thoroughly enjoyed the climate, the general atmosphere, and the people, particularly those who were part of the year-round community.

During World War II, they found for sale an old, Pre-Revolutionary, delapidated, yet typical "Cape Cod" house situated in an old apple orchard on Whig Street in Dennis. They bought it, as it seemed it was just about what they wanted.

Almost immediately they found a builder/carpenter who was able to start repairing it, as well as to carry out the various changes and additions they had in mind. Mother largely undertook to over-see the work that had to be done on the house and the grounds. They cleared part of the land and planted trees and bushes. The result was a happy one for all.

Summers in "Applewood", the name given to the house in Dennis, were made more pleasant by fond relatives and intimate friends who were interested to stop by to visit them, as well as to see the place on Whig Street that they had made so attractive.²⁸ Father took delight in showing off his "vegetable garden", where he was raising high-bush blueberries, corn, and other plants. A compost pile was started. Mother's idea, enthusiastic as she was then in "organic gardening".

28. See Plate 20.

Father fully participated, burying most of the time the grass cuttings and kitchen wastes in or around his "garden".

He just loved being back on the Cape. Among his interests he began to look up the history of his many ancestors, continuing his extensive genealogical investigations, even to the point of going to Barnstable County Court House to re-search their records.²⁹ The Cape was home to Father, and Mother was only too happy to join him. Here we children found our parents in their middle years in contentment.

"Applewood" is still, thankfully, in the family hands. It is presently owned by my sister Daisy. She and her husband, Robert Walcott, live there year-round.

When Mother died in 1952, at the age of sixty-eight, Father moved to 54 Abbot Street, Andover, to live with Mother's eldest sister, Eleanor Thomson Castle, and her husband Alfred, and another brother Philip Wingate Thomson, and her sister, Clara Thomson Knox, a widow. It was this very same house where Father and Mother had carried on their courtship. He had come back a full circle.

29. See Plate 21.

EPILOGUE

In analyzing any life of great accomplishment, one cannot help but be impressed by the many factors that play a role in character and personality development. It is difficult, perhaps even impossible, to state with any accuracy which are the most important. Genetic background, family life, friends and acquaintances all have to be considered. Not to be overlooked are one's teachers, religious education, books, education, travel experiences, or, last and perhaps most important, one's own personal efforts.

I believe that perhaps the most important factor for Father may have been his early life in Titicut under the tutelage and guidance of his Mother.

Of course, luck, good and bad, figured in his life as it does in everybody's. There were set-backs, but he tried to overcome them. He possessed the necessary qualities, of perseverance, of faith in a meaningful spiritual existence, of curiosity and enthusiasm, each one of which undoubtedly enabled him to succeed far beyond what must have been the hopes and dreams of his earlier years. If he had not persisted, if he had given up his struggle to make a success of his life when it looked the blackest, he might well have been a failure. When one stands in front of the Diagnostic Hospital or views his portrait in its foyer, one should not conclude that his success was easily achieved.

Both Father and his brother, Chester, were evidently devoted to their Mother. Many Thanksgiving Days the two families and other relatives would gather either at the house in Brookline or the one in Dedham. For years, Rebecca Dyer Pratt would be there, too, sharing the day and its festivities with her sons.³⁰

Father was fortunate in family and friends, teachers, and followers. He was fortunate in his health and in his longevity. He inherited valuable gifts of mind and spirit. He worked hard at matters that meant most to him, for part of the secret of his success was that he put his whole self into whatever was at hand.

Life at home for me and my sisters was often strained, and sometimes lonely. In a certain sense we may have felt isolated. But many aspects of our home life were good for us. We were told unquestionably to lead a disciplined life, not to veer off from the straight and narrow, yet we had many good and happy times.

For the whole experience of life at home as it was I am grateful. It is my hope that those that read what I have written about Father will gain thereby new insight and understanding of him.

For his descendants and relatives and even friends and associates, he leaves behind an inheritance from which each one in their own way may draw strength to live out their lives in a better way.



30. For two photographs of one gathering of the families of Rebecca Pratt, and of Norman Pratt, see Plates 12 and 13.

APPENDIX A

1905 - 1937

JOSEPH HERSEY PRATT

(Exerpt from a *HISTORY of the INTERURBAN CLUB, ca. 1937*)

Joseph Hersey Pratt was born in Middleboro, Massachusetts, on December 5, 1872. He attended the Wesleyan Academy in Wilbraham, Massachusetts, from 1889-91. He then entered Yale University, from which he received the Ph.B. degree in 1894, then the Johns Hopkins Medical School, from which he received the M.D. degree in 1898, and then Harvard University, from which he received the M.A. degree in 1901. He did medical research work at the University of Tübingen in 1902 and the University of Heidelberg in 1908.

At the Boston City Hospital he was Assistant Resident Pathologist, 1898-99; Resident Pathologist, 1899-1900; and Assistant Visiting Pathologist, 1900-02. For the period 1900-02 he was Assistant Pathologist at the Children's Hospital and the Carney Hospital, and Pathologist to the Floating Hospital. At the Harvard Medical School he was Instructor in Pathology, 1900-02; Assistant in Medicine, 1902-09; and Instructor in Medicine, 1909-17. He was a Fellow of the Rockefeller Institute, 1903-05. At the Massachusetts General Hospital he was Visiting Physician to the Out-Patient Department, 1903-13, and Assistant Visiting Physician, 1913-17. He was Physician-in-Chief at the Boston Dispensary, 1927-31.

He is now Professor of Clinical Medicine at Tufts College Medical School, since 1929, and Physician-in-Chief at the New England Medical Center since 1931.

Dr. Pratt holds membership in the Association of American Physicians, the Massachusetts Medical Society, the American Climatological and Clinical Association, the Society of Experimental Biology and Medicine, the Society for the Advancement of Clinical Research, the American Physiological Society, the American Pharmacological Association, the American Society for Experimental Pathology, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the American College of Physicians, the National Tuberculosis Association, and the American Association of the History of Medicine. He is a member of the Harvard Club of Boston and of the Harvard Chapter of the Nu Sigma Nu Fraternity. He was an original member of the Interurban Clinical Club.

With Colonel George E. Bushnell he is the joint author of "Physical Diagnosis of Diseases of the Chest," 1925. He has been a contributor to Nelson's Loose-Leaf, to Oxford Medicine, and the Osler-McCrae Modern Medicine. He has published over seventy papers on medical subjects.

In September 1917 he was commissioned a Major in the U.S. Army, and when discharged in February 1918 he held the same rank. He served with the 76th Division at Camp Devens, Massachusetts.

His interest apart from medicine is literature.

Dr. Pratt married Rosamond Means Thomson on October 23, 1909, at Andover, Massachusetts, and has four children. One daughter, Sylvia Mayo Pratt, age 26, was formerly engaged in secretarial work. A son, Thomas Dennie Pratt, age 25, is a student in the Yale Medical School, Class of '37. Another daughter, Rosamond Pratt, age 23, was graduated last June from Wheelock School, and the youngest daughter, Joan Pratt, age 19, was graduated last June from the Winsor School.

Dr. Pratt makes the following comment in regard to the Interurban Club: "My connection with the Interurban Club has been highly prized. I was fortunate to be one of the or-

iginal members, and can remember vividly the first meeting held in Baltimore shortly before Dr. Osler's departure for Europe. In retrospect the early meetings seem to have been the best. They dealt largely with clinical topics, and demonstrations of methods of teaching were frequently given. We spent more time in the clinics than in the laboratories. It was a period when American medicine was making rapid advancement. It brought together a congenial group of young men who were working with enthusiasm on medical problems. It served to break down the spirit of provincialism. The association with kindred minds in other cities was most pleasant and stimulating. We all became friends. The prevailing spirit has always been one of good fellowship. If the younger member preserve the traditions of the Club, I am sure that its future will be as successful as its past."

In 1927 Dr. Pratt accepted the position of physician to the Boston Dispensary in order to demonstrate the value of certain ideas he held regarding advanced training in internal medicine of young men of special promise. His plan was outlined in a presidential address before the American Climatological and Clinical Association. It has been possible to develop the required facilities and now eight annual fellowships of \$1200 each are available to graduates who have served a two years internship in a teaching hospital.

In 1927 the budget of the clinic was \$2400. In 1937 it is \$80,000.

At first there were no funds available for securing able assistants. This difficulty was met at the outset by obtaining fellowships for three well-trained German assistants from the clinics of Krehl, Morawitz and Grafe. It was thought this contact with German medicine would be stimulating to American students. From this beginning the influence of German medicine on the development of the clinic has been marked. An effort has been made to combine the best in American and Teutonic methods in the study of patients and the teaching of students. This policy was strengthened by the coming of Prof. Thannhauser three years ago, as he embodies the best traditions of German medicine. There are five other German physicians on the staff.

In 1931, the New England Medical Center was formed by the affiliation of the Boston Dispensary, the Floating Hospital for Children and Tufts Medical School. A million dollars was raised and new buildings erected.

Since 1931 a small diagnostic hospital has been maintained with funds furnished by Mr. William Bingham, 2nd, of Bethel Maine. It was established chiefly for the benefit of rural practitioners to aid them in the diagnosis and treatment of puzzling cases. During 1936 nearly 800 patients were studied in this twenty-bed hospital. Sixty per cent of these came from outside the city of Boston. This experiment has succeeded so well that in the spring of 1937, Mr. Bingham provided funds for the building and maintaining of a diagnostic hospital for eighty patients.

For the past six years fellowships provided by Mr. Bingham have enabled Maine country doctors to take a month's course in the clinic. During the past year five courses were given. As they were limited to six graduate students, a good deal of personal instruction was possible.

APPENDIX B

JOSEPH H. PRATT A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

(Exerpt from the "Festschrift")

This group of articles represents a tribute to Dr. Joseph Hersey Pratt from his friends and students to one of America's most important men of medicine.

He was born in Middleboro, Mass. on December 5, 1872. A graduate of Yale in 1894 and the Medical School of Johns Hopkins University in 1898, he has always emphasized his indebtedness to his great teachers in those schools—Chittenden, Welch and Osler.

Before going to Johns Hopkins, he spent a year at the Harvard Medical School, where close association with William T. Porter awoke in him his first interest in physiology and instilled a genuine love of scientific work. After graduating he returned from Baltimore for two years at the Boston City Hospital; and later with William T. Councilman at the Harvard Pathological Laboratory. Ludolph Krehl in Germany and with Sir James MacKenzie in London, whose personality made a deep and lasting impression. To Councilman he developed a filial devotion and has referred to him in his published writings as his father in medicine, insisting on the fact that whatever success he had was largely due to the start given him in his professional life by Dr. Councilman, and his unwavering support thereafter.

In 1902 he began private practice in Boston. Though it might entail great financial sacrifice, he always kept his mornings free for investigative work and teaching. This arrangement he has maintained to the present. He has published over one hundred articles covering work in many and varied fields of internal medicine. Probably his most important contributions are in the field of tuberculosis. He was responsible for the reintroduction of pneumothorax as a therapeutic procedure in this country. He was the first to emphasize the great importance of prolonged bed rest without exercise in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis. His class work in tuberculosis influenced Cabot in establishing at the Massachusetts General Hospital what ultimately developed into our present Social Service system. This same class work, through its "friendly visitor," stimulated not only the beginning of the Social Service work but also, through its group instruction, the development of health education in this country as well as abroad. Joslin gives credit to this work for his own great contribution to the teaching of patients. Two of his most recent and productive interests have been the development of the class method for treatment of psychoneurosis and the institution of a broad program for the development of rural medicine. Some of the details of these developments appear in the articles contributed to this Festschrift.

Two things he evidently enjoyed above all else: work for work's sake and the opportunity to influence the relatively few young men whose good fortune it was to be intimately associated with him. His influence was strongly felt only when he worked with small groups. Then, his intense idealism, tremendous drive, dogged preserverance, unceasing interest, and his selfless devotion had their greatest opportunity to transmit to others what he feels came to him through his great teachers. He has given to many their first glimpse into the true science of medicine. He is inherently quizzical and always wants to know why and how. His is a true intellectual curiosity, a curiosity which drives him to seek after knowledge for the pure joy of the search.

The following story characterizes the man. In 1908 he was being considered for the position of Professor of Medicine at the University of Michigan. He inquired if he might have a laboratory in the Medical School where he could continue observations which he was then

making on dogs deprived of external pancreatic secretion. He wished to take the dogs with him. The reply was that those things could be arranged for after he was there. Rather than to go on such indefinite assurance he ceased further negotiation and continued as an assistant in medicine at Harvard where he was entirely free to work with his dogs as he wished.

In a striking manner, he has served as an example of what a physician in practice can do in advancing the science of medicine. The force of his personality, his spirit, and his ideals will now find permanent opportunity for expression in a new one-hundred-bed* Joseph H. Pratt Diagnostic Hospital which is shortly to be constructed in his honor in Boston. This was made possible by his friend, William Bingham, 2d.

S. H. P.
(Samuel H. Proger)

*In the *History of the Interurban Club*, "eighty patients" is noted.

APPENDIX C

AN APPRECIATION

When we call up in imagination the picture of Joe Pratt, we see him in the full tide of activity; lighted eyes, raised eyebrows, a smiling, talking mouth, a gesturing hand. He is talking or listening hard and enthusiastically. New ideas come to him as he talks and as he listens. We see a new idea cross the threshold of his consciousness; we see him welcome it with surprise and pleasure; we hear him develop it in a question or a statement. Rarely is it regarded with the cold and fishy eye that has been supposed to be scientific. Pratt's ideas always rouse his interest and his zest. They are never cold. They are glowing hot and start vigorous activity. His mind bubbles and boils with them. His quest of scientific truth has never been a sober, quiet, moderate, tranquil pursuit. It has been and is now an exciting chase. The quarry comes in sight. He gives the view-hallo and is off at full gallop. We catch the contagion of his excitement and are off with him.

His great teachers at Johns Hopkins, Osler and Welch, and Councilman at Harvard, were all of them men who could catch fire and burn with the ardor of scientific enthusiasm. But this was occasional, not usual, with them. It has been reserved for Joe Pratt, their apt pupil and admirer, to prove that scientific fervor and delight can be maintained at white heat in the cool climate of Boston for forty years. Today his scientific ardor shows no sign of defervescence. He is as vivid and vital as he ever was and wields today a greater power and leadership than at any of the earlier stages of his career.

We all know the main phases of his development. He came to Boston in 1898 as a pathologist, practised and taught pathology for four years, then broadened his interest to include internal medicine. There he continued and deepened his interest in investigation, studying especially the bacteriology and diagnosis of typhoid fever, the function of the pancreas, the metabolism of gout, the therapeutic value of hydrotherapy and the action of digitalis in cardiac disease.

He has always been both scientist and humanist, always afire with zest both for the advance of scientific medicine and for the assuagement of human ills. In 1905 the second great stream of his interest made its appearance. His class method for the treatment of tuberculosis in the homes of the poor was an astonishing success from the beginning. Thirty years ago, at a time when his Boston colleagues were having pretty poor success with the out-patient treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis, and when sanatorium treatment was possible only for a few, Dr. Pratt's patients achieved as large a percentage of recoveries in Boston as patients did at Saranac or in the other first-rate sanatoria. His patients lived on the roofs of their own houses in the slums of Boston, and there a large fraction of them got well.

We asked him how he did it. "It's perfectly simple," he said. "You give a small amount of time to a large number of patients. I give a large amount of time to a small number of patients."

That was true, but not the whole truth. He gave much time to his little classes. He also gave vast patience, ingenuity, optimism, and the milk of human kindness. Others formed similar classes and gave, I dare say, as much time. But no class was as successful as his, because there was only one Joe Pratt in Boston or anywhere else so far as I know.

No one else was as warm-hearted as he, no one else enjoyed meeting his patients so much, was as pleased with every little success and as confident of eventual recovery. Hopefulness and buoyancy like his, when joined to his natural liking for all sorts of people, make him a very powerful therapeutic instrument. I believe that a good many of his tuber-

culous patients would never have had enough persistence to keep up their treatment nor enough fidelity to attend to its details if they had not wanted to please Dr. Pratt and to come up to his expectations. They got well not wholly because they wanted to get well but largely because he wanted them to,—a very queer and very human state of things.

In this class Pratt used another group of psychological forces which he now uses still more effectively in his "Thought Control Class" at the New England Medical Center. In both these classes he has led patients to help each other by mutual encouragement and to some extent by rivalry. So far as I know this is original with Pratt, at any rate in the degree of effectiveness which he has attained.

In his "Thought Control Class" his patients help each other to such an astonishing extent that, as he enthusiastically says, the class almost runs itself. The creation of this class in 1930, his fifty-eighth year, exemplifies Joe Pratt's extraordinary power of growth. He never rests on his laurels but keeps himself youthful by doing new things without forgetting the old. He does not merely shift from one interest to another. He widens and deepens the same fundamental interest, keeping full continuity with his own past. He has never lost his interest in pathology or in exact methods of physical diagnosis. He will accept no patient for his Thought Control Class unless the possibilities of organic disease have been thoroughly explored, and, so far as may be, treated. He does not assume that a patient is a neurotic merely because he has a long list of neurotic symptoms. He knows the effect of body on mind as well as those of mind on body.

At a recent meeting of his Thought Control Class I saw illustrated another of the qualities that has helped to strengthen his influence with his patients. I mean: his humility. He has as little vanity as any man I know. He quotes jibes against himself and laughs at them as heartily as anyone. He acknowledges his own mistakes and makes light of his successes. That endears him to his patients and to his friends.

Why has Joe Pratt made so notable a success of his life? Besides the qualities already mentioned, besides his persistent and enthusiastic love for scientific truth, besides warm-heartedness and the power to keep on growing, another quality has added force and effectiveness to his life,—his simplicity. He is all there in every act,—no conflicts or complexities waste his power. He does everything with the vigor of total concentration. If he is listening with a stethoscope or listening to your answer in conversation, he listens with all his might. He laughs whole-heartedly, he reads whole-heartedly, he works with all the energy that he possesses, he admires with every ounce of power that is in him. Few of my friends have such a talent for effective admiration. He secretes power and insight out of his admiration for great men.

His appreciations are not uncritical. He can attack as fiercely as anyone. I have myself felt the sharp edge of his disapproval as well as the warmth of his good will. But he has lived to build up, not tear down. What a lot he has built! He is now at the height of his influence and of his power, full of youth and energy, growing as fast as ever and apt at any moment to spring on the world something still better than he has done so far.

Richard C. Cabot

APPENDIX D

Sonderdruck

DEUTSCHE MEDIZINISCHE WOCHENSCHRIFT

SCHRIFTFÜHRUNG: P. GROSSE-BROCKHOFF-DUSSELDORF · H. KRAUSS-FREIBURG/BR. · W. v. BRUNN-STUTTGART · H. KOBCKE-MÜNCHEN · P. LANGE-GÖPPINGEN · GEORG THIEME VERLAG STUTTGART, HERDWEG 63

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Joseph Hersey Pratt

1872—1956

Dr. Joseph H. Pratt starb am 3. März in Boston im Alter von 83 Jahren. Das Herz eines großen Menschen, der sich während seines langen Lebens für so viele wertvolle Dinge mit Enthusiasmus eingesetzt hatte, versagte den Dienst.

Dr. Pratt wurde in Middleboro, Massachusetts, geboren. Er graduierte 1894 in Yale und promovierte 1896 in John Hopkins. Seinen Lehrern Chittenden, Welch und vor allem Osler bewahrte er Zeit seines Lebens unveränderte Anhänglichkeit. Pratt kam schon 1898 nach Boston, war hier mit einer Reihe von Krankenhäusern verbunden, bis er im Jahre 1927 die Leitung der Boston Dispensary übernahm und Professor für klinische Medizin an Tufts University Medical School wurde. In den dreißiger Jahren hat sich unter seinem Einfluß und dem seines intimsten Mitarbeiters Proger das New England Medical Center entwickelt. Er ist beiden Instituten bis zu seinem Lebensende treu verbunden geblieben. Das ständig wachsende Center ist der sichtbare Ausdruck dessen, was Pratt in seinem Leben gewirkt hat. Es soll, seiner Idee folgend, die beste Medizin auch den entferntesten ländlichen Siedelungen in New England zuführen. Ein Teil dieses Centers, Pratts Diagnostic Hospital, trägt seinen Namen.

Pratts medizinische Interessen waren vielseitig. Als er seine ärztliche Laufbahn begann, steckte die amerikanische Medizin in den Kinderschuhen. Zur Zeit seines Todes hatte sie längst die Weltführerschaft übernommen, und er hat viel dazu beigetragen. Seine Veröffentlichungen umfassen die Bakteriologie und Diagnose des Typhus, die Erkrankungen des Pankreas, ein Arbeitsgebiet, dem er bis zu seinem Lebensende treu geblieben ist, den Stoffwechsel bei der Gicht, die Digitaliswirkung bei Herzkranken, den therapeutischen Wert der Hydrotherapie. Im Jahre 1902 arbeitete Pratt unter Krehl in Tübingen und 1908 zusammen mit Morawitz in Heidelberg. Er war der erste in einer großen Reihe amerikanischer Studenten, die in deutschen Kliniken für ihre ärztliche Fortbildung wirkten.

Pratts bedeutendste Beiträge für die Medizin liegen jedoch auf dem Felde der Tuberkulose. Er war der erste, der die große Bedeutung einer monatelangen absoluten Bettruhe bei der Behandlung der Lungentuberkulose betonte. Er führte 1905 die Gruppenbehandlung der Tuberkulose ein und legte auf diese Weise die Grundlage zu dem, was später das amerikanische System des „Social Service“ wurde. Auf Grund seiner Erfahrungen auf dem Gebiete der Tuberkulose-therapie begann er 1930 auch psychogene Erkrankungen in Gruppen zu behandeln. Seine „thought control class“ war der Beginn einer Gruppenpsychotherapie.

Größer aber als die Wirkung seiner wissenschaftlichen Arbeit, so bedeutend sie auch gewesen ist, war der Einfluß, den er durch die Macht seiner Persönlichkeit ausübte. Pratt besaß einen tiefen Idealismus, eine unerschöpfliche Energie und ein aktives Interesse für jede Idee, die ihm bedeutend erschien: Der Drang nach Wissen nur wegen der reinen Freude an der Erkenntnis selbst war seine treibende Kraft. Sein größtes Glück und seine Stärke war, Menschen, die ihm nahe kamen, in diesem Sinne zu beeinflussen. Er hat vielen den ersten Schimmer der wahren Wissenschaft der Medizin gegeben.

Pratt war immer Wissenschaftler sowohl wie „Humanitarier“. Er war jederzeit und mit dem ihm eigenen Feuer in der vordersten Reihe der Kämpfer für den Fortschritt der wissenschaftlichen Medizin und für die Überwindung menschlicher Übel zu finden. Er war ein tief religiöser Mensch, ein Charakter, der Ungerechtigkeit und Vorurteil nicht ertragen konnte, von wem immer sie auch ausgingen und wen immer sie auch betrafen.

Zu Pratts 65. Geburtstag hat sein Freund Richard C. Cabot geschrieben: „Warum ist Joe Pratts Leben so erfolgreich? Neben seiner hartnäckigen und enthusiastischen Liebe für wissenschaftliche Erkenntnis, seiner Warmherzigkeit, seiner Fähigkeit, weiter zu wachsen, hat eine andere Eigenschaft seinem Leben Kraft und Erfolg gegeben, das ist seine Klarheit und Einfachheit. Er ist immer da, mit allem, was er ist. Es gibt keine Konflikte oder Verwicklungen. Er tut alles mit der Stärke einer vollkommenen Konzentration. Wenn er mit einem Stethoskop hört oder wenn er einer Antwort in der Unterhaltung lauscht, so hört er mit seiner ganzen Kraft. Er lacht von ganzem Herzen, er liest mit ganzem Herzen. Er arbeitet mit aller Energie, die er besitzt. Er bewundert mit all der Kraft, die in ihm wohnt. Wenige meiner Freunde haben ein solches Talent für die Bewunderung anderer. Er strömt Kraft und Einsicht aus auf Grund seiner eigenen Bewunderung für große Menschen. Er hat gelebt, um aufzubauen, und nicht, um niederzureißen. Und wieviel hat er gebaut!“

Pratt liebte die deutsche Wissenschaft und besonders die deutsche Medizin. Er war stolz darauf, Krehl und Morawitz zu seinen Freunden gezählt zu haben. Er hat diese Freundschaft auf Kliniker, die aus ihrer Schule hervorgegangen sind, auf H. H. Berg, E. Grafe u. a. treu übertragen. Er hielt es für eine moralische Verpflichtung, aber auch einen Gewinn für die amerikanische Medizin,

den aus Europa gekommenen Ärzten Arbeitsmöglichkeiten zu verschaffen. Er hat mehr als hundert unter ihnen geholfen, sich neue Lebensstellungen aufzubauen.

Diejenigen, die einen Funken seines Genius verspürt, die Stärke seiner Persönlichkeit und die Größe seines Geistes gefühlt haben, werden sein Andenken immer pflegen.

Martin M. Nothman, Boston

Dank an Joseph H. Pratt

Am 6. Dezember 1927 kam J. H. Pratt in Begleitung von Robert S. Loeb, von einem Besuch bei Professor Morawitz aus Leipzig kommend, durch Berlin und die Röntgenabteilung der II. Medizinischen Universitätsklinik der Charité, welche ich damals unter meinem Lehrer, Prof. Dr. Gustav v. Bergmann, leitete. Professor Morawitz, bei dem mein früherer Mitarbeiter, Richard Schatzki, arbeitete, hatte ihn dazu angeregt. Im Jahre 1932 erbat Dr. Pratt sich von mir einen in der Methodik des Schleimhautreliefstudiums ausgebildeten Mitarbeiter. Ich konnte damals (1932) Fräulein Dr. Alice Ettinger empfehlen, die seit 1933 als Leiterin des Radiologischen Instituts in dem von Pratt gegründeten New England Medical Center bis heute arbeitet. Sie erwarb große Anerkennung wie auch Dr. Schatzki, der ebenfalls von Dr. Pratt dort aufgenommen wurde. Bis zu seinem Tode hat Dr. Pratt mit dem Unterzeichneten in Briefwechsel gestanden in einer Anhänglichkeit an die deutsche und österreichische Medizin, welche durch die schrecklichen Kriegsjahre nicht getrübt worden ist. Die ihm durch meine Röntgenschüler gewordene Befruchtung hat er immer wieder anerkannt und mit Übersendung von wesentlichen Sonderdrucken und Zeitschriften, die in der Nachkriegszeit wertvollste Bereicherungen für uns darstellten, zum Ausdruck gebracht. Leider ist es ihm aus gesundheitlichen Gründen nicht mehr möglich gewesen, der Einladung nach Deutschland zu folgen. Mit aufrichtiger Dankbarkeit für seine trotz aller politischen Wirrnisse unbeirrbar positive Einstellung und für seine großzügige Hilfeleistung an die vertriebenen Mitarbeiter und für unseren Unterricht in der Wiederaufbauzeit ist die Erinnerung an ihn in herzlicher Verehrung verbunden.

Hans Heinrich Berg, Hamburg

Dank an Joseph H. Pratt

Ich kenne Professor Pratt seit dem Jahre 1907. Ich war damals Assistent an der Medizinischen Klinik Heidelberg unter L. v. Krehl; er arbeitete damals zusammen mit Professor Morawitz. Da wir im Laboratorium Nachbarn waren, so sahen wir uns fast täglich und traten uns auch persönlich näher. Pratt war ein ausgezeichnete Wissenschaftler und ein ganz hervorragender Organisator. Es ist erstaunlich, wie er es möglich gemacht hat, zuerst das Boston Dispensary und später eine tadellos funktionierende Klinik aufzubauen.

Seit seinem Fortgang von Heidelberg war ich dauernd mit ihm im Schriftwechsel gewesen, und er hatte die große Güte, mich während der schweren Jahre kurz nach dem Kriege mit Zeitschriften und mich interessierenden Büchern zu versehen.

Zu ganz besonderem Dank sind wir als Deutsche **P r a t t** verpflichtet dadurch, daß er hervorragende deutsche Kliniker, wie z. B. **T h a n n - h a u s e r**, **N o t h m a n**, ferner auch einen früheren Assistenten von mir, **M a g e n d a n z**, in seine Klinik aufnahm und mit glänzenden Arbeitsmöglichkeiten versah.

P r a t t war wissenschaftlich und ärztlich bis zum letzten Augenblick tätig und konnte bei seinem Tode auf ein wirklich erfülltes Leben zurückblicken. Sein Hinscheiden bedeutet für mich einen tiefen persönlichen Verlust.

E. G r a f e, Partenkirchen

APPENDIX E

Dr. Pratt's life has been characterized by a compelling desire to chart new courses. In no field have his desires met with more gratifying fulfillment than in his pioneering efforts with group therapy.

As one who has skirted the periphery of group therapy and acquired a limited familiarity with the field, largely by osmosis, I cannot comment on group therapy as such. I can comment, however, on Dr. Pratt's relationship to such therapy as I have seen it in the past twenty-five years.

A group can be a most impersonal conglomeration. To Dr. Pratt the group has always been a gathering of individuals, each an important personality. The individual members of a class came to develop a peculiar attachment to Dr. Pratt, as he did to them, not unlike the attachment of the individual patient to his private physician. Remarkable though this is, anyone who knows Dr. Pratt knows that it could not be otherwise.

It has been said often that Dr. Pratt's success with his classes was due to the effect of his vibrant and warm personality. But the force of personality is a dominant characteristic of all innovators and influential teachers. Once the path has been cleared by the pioneer, however, ordinary mortals can take over.

The economy of being able to help a great many people in a relatively short time was appealing. However, of greater interest to Dr. Pratt was his observation that the group, as a group, provided a sort of mass psychotherapeutic force which was vital and unique. Group psychotherapy was therefore not just a convenient or economical substitute for individual therapy. It had its own peculiar virtues.

The process of conducting a class in psychotherapy had an exhilarating effect on Dr. Pratt. Regardless of how he may have felt when he arrived in the Clinic on Thursday morning, those of us who worked with him knew that by noon, that is, after the class, he would be in high spirits and bubbling with the sort of enthusiasm that we always visualize when we think of Dr. Pratt.

The consequences that may ultimately flow from the pioneering efforts of Dr. Pratt in the field of group therapy are literally limitless. The world may indeed become a better place in which to live because Dr. Pratt, in one of his flashes of genius fifty years ago, thought it would be a good idea to treat patients in a group.

Samuel Proger
18 February 1955

APPENDIX F

GENEALOGY

EXHIBIT 1

Joseph Hersey Pratt
(Direct line from Matthew Pratt)

- 6 Great Grandfather: **Matthew Pratt** x ? Eliz. Bate
(b. ? date in England)
(d. 29 Aug. 1672)
settled in Weymouth
5th child: youngest son
- 5 Great Grandfather: **Joseph Pratt** x Sarah Judkins (7 May 1662)
(b. 10 Jun. 1637)
(d. 24 Dec. 1720)
1st child
- 4 Great Grandfather: **Joseph Pratt** x Sarah Benson
(b. 2 Feb. 1665)
(d. 14 Jan. 1765)
3rd child
- 3 Great Grandfather: **Benjamin Pratt** x ?
(b. 1693)
(d. 1762)
eldest child
- 2 Great Grandfather: **Benjamin Pratt** x Lydia Harlow (22 Dec. 1741)
(b. 1719)
(d. 1765 of yellow fever in North Carolina)
- (Had his own ships, some of which were said to be built along the Taunton River, not far from Titicut, and on a high tide would have them floated down to Narragansett Bay. From there they would be sailed to ports along the Atlantic East Coast and in the West Indies.)
- 1 Great Grandfather: **William Pratt** x Mary King
(b. 6 Apr. 1746)
(d. 4 Jun. 1808)

Grandparents:

Henry Dyer x Sally Mayo

(b. 14 Nov. 1794)

(d. 20 Dec. 1884)

Res. Provincetown, Campello, Melrose

Rebecca Adams Dyer (Wing) x Martin Van Buren Pratt

(b. 11 Nov. 1842)

(b. 21 Apr. 1835)

(d. 25 Oct. 1924)

(d. 8 Jan. 1911)

Joseph Hersey Pratt

EXHIBIT 3

Joseph Hersey Pratt

(Direct line from Roger Conant)

Roger Conant (b. 1592)

Lot Conant (b. ca 1634) x Elizabeth Walton

Nathaniel Conant (b. 1650)

Nathaniel Conant (b. 1679)

Elizabeth Conant (b. ?)

Jeremiah Keith (b. 1749)

Susanna Keith (b. 1749)

Susanna Keith

Martin Van Buren Pratt

Joseph Hersey Pratt

EXHIBIT 4

Joseph Hersey Pratt

(Partial list of maternal great-great-great grand-parents)

Isaiah Atkins

Hannah Cook

Joshua Knowles

Sarah Paine
Nathaniel Harding
Hannah Young
Noah Mayo, Sr.
Mary Cushing
John Rich
Thankful Sears
Sylvanus Rich
Mary Lombard
Thomas Paine
Mary Vickery

(N.B. 7-Great Grandfather, Thomas **Howes** (b. England), was first settler of Dennis, Mass.)

EXHIBIT 5

Joseph Hersey Pratt x Rosamond Means Thomson

Sylvia Mayo Pratt
(b. 19 Oct. 1910)
(d. 2 Sept. 1961)
(m. John Mason Kemper 9 June 1936)

T. Dennie Pratt
(b. 19 Nov. 1911)
(m. Elizabeth Kusterer 19 Dec. 1941)
(divorced 1971)
(m. Ella Heyward Palmer (Dowdney) 26 June 1972)

Rosamond Pratt
(b. 28 Jun. 1913)
(m. Robert Walcott, Jr. 11 Jun. 1938)

Joan Pratt
(b. 3 Nov. 1917)
(m. Gordon Cuyler 21 Feb. 1942)
(divorced)
(m. Edgar Stillman, Jr. 14 Apr. 1959)

APPENDIX G

Commentaries

Letter from my sister Rosamond Pratt Walcott with a Postscript.

June 15, 1978

(This is **not** a critique - just some impressions that came to me.)

Dearest Dennie:

I find your long and thoughtful account of life with Father very true and honest and straightforward. I was taken back to my own memories, especially of early childhood which are your memories too!

I feel the whole story of your childhood in this strained, tense atmosphere of our home very painful, however. (You don't mention the times we spent in our separate bedrooms—our retreats from something that seemed vaguely threatening.)

What one remembers is often the most traumatic experiences and when these stand out so boldly in our minds the other happier more every day happenings recede and we are often left with only the dark memories. This is the way it is with me. Your account of the whippings (usually administered by Mother as I remember) the abandonment of you on the plane in Hartford, forgetting about the N.Y. trip, the inadequate "sex" talk, the harsh treatment of you vs. the kind treatment of me, sending you off at a tender and sensitive age to a harsh military school (more whippings) are very clear in your mind and it's important to sort these things out and try to understand their impact. You do give happy accounts of Wonalancet, Westport Point, etc. etc. to balance this picture, but what comes off the page is a picture of a remote, cold figure, one who is not there when he is needed. And this, while not untrue, is of course one-sided. You will say "but this is my story." Indeed it is. It's a personal, intimate private portrait and one that you have every right to tell. I would think its greatest value, however, would be for those of us who lived with this man and knew him each a little bit differently and for his descendents.

We, as his children, can make a connection of relationship that is very interesting indeed and which you bring out well. For instance, it is apparent from your story that Father had a weak model in his own father. His father must have been deemed a failure compared to his obviously more successful brother and to his own father, who has such a prominent gravestone in the cemetery. Father's family lived in the small house, which has been greatly improved upon in recent years, while other Pratts lived more expansively in large imposing "mansions." As you say, Father never talked about his own father. I do not think this was a love marriage at all. Rebecca Wing was stuck there in that small village, a very bright, spirited young woman, and she had to be lonely, and looking for a second husband was only natural. The choice was not unlimited as we can see and she settled for Martin Pratt. I think she regretted this and turned her love to Josie, absolutely determined that he would make his mark in the world. Sally Pratt told me her father was the "bad" boy, always into trouble, and being compared to good Joe, he felt the comparison keenly all of his life, even though he did become a well known lawyer. You do not mention Father's breakdowns in his middle years. Weren't there two severe ones? One at Devens, and another later? But always there was a slight manic quality about him which we as children, and also when we grew up, found so delightful. Then the depressions which were never spoken about, but which Mother knew about and dreaded.

They both had their separate neurosis. Father was repressed and I think he was unaware most of the time of our very existence. I don't believe he gave us much thought at

all. His own home life had not been that cheerful and anyway he seemed unable to relate to us. We all knew this, and we thought it was funny when he called us by the wrong names so often. I believe few geniuses have been adequate parents or husbands. They are so consumed with their own visions and work.

Your working out the whole business must have been therapeutic for you. You have made an excellent adjustment to this rather abnormal background, and you always stayed away and lived your own life, the moment you got the chance and which you as a student at Harvard and Andover could do, while we girls stayed at home and felt helpless about our own destinies.

These are just random thoughts, nothing that you asked for which was a criticism of sorts of your paper and what I thought about publishing, I answered that question from the beginning.

I don't particularly like the Jewish story because I don't know what it signifies.

Also I'm embarrassed by the \$10,000 gift story re: Bingham when Mother exclaims "Let's go abroad!" Did she believe him for an instant or was she having fun? I think the latter but it's not clear.

I would follow Lorna's* suggestion and even up the Father and Pratt usage and make it Father throughout.

The professor at Harvard Medical School who urged Father to go to Hopkins was foreign. He whispered to him over the test tubes and when Father told the story he used a thick Austrian or German accent. F. worked as a lab assistant for this prof. and he greatly respected his opinion as of course he did Councilman's.

I think you've done a worthwhile and interesting paper here, I find it moving and sad.

Love to you,
Daisy

*Eleanor Castle Young, a cousin consulted during the preparation of the work.

(P.S.)

Dearest Dennie:

I thought of one more thing regarding religion on Father. Did you know that he gave up going to church for quite a number of years after he left home? I don't know whether during Sheffield days, but I do remember he told me that when he found out Osler was an atheist or agnostic, I am not sure, he stopped believing himself. His desire to emulate Osler went that far. He wanted to pattern his whole life on that man above any others. When we were small and living at 36 Upland Road, do you remember that Father on Sunday mornings used to work at his desk (in the Study to the left of the front door) and read heart rhythms or whatever from long strips of paper? They were done by a machine (electrocardiogram?) and were in tiny red and blue lines across the paper.**

Anyway, we went to Sunday School and Mother went to Church and for several years Father did not go. Then they met the Clarks, I believe, but he started attending church gradually, and then joined the Episcopal Church. Wish some of the older Clarks or Lawrences were still around as no one I can think of would remember, but Mother knew he belonged to no church when they were married.

**arterial (and venous?) pulse tracings (T.D. P.)



Father and me
(ca. 1914)
Buzzards Bay RR Station?



Plate 1
Father's father,
Martin Van Buren Pratt



Plate 2
Father's mother
Rebecca Adams Dyer (Wing) Pratt



Plate 3
Father
ca. 1875

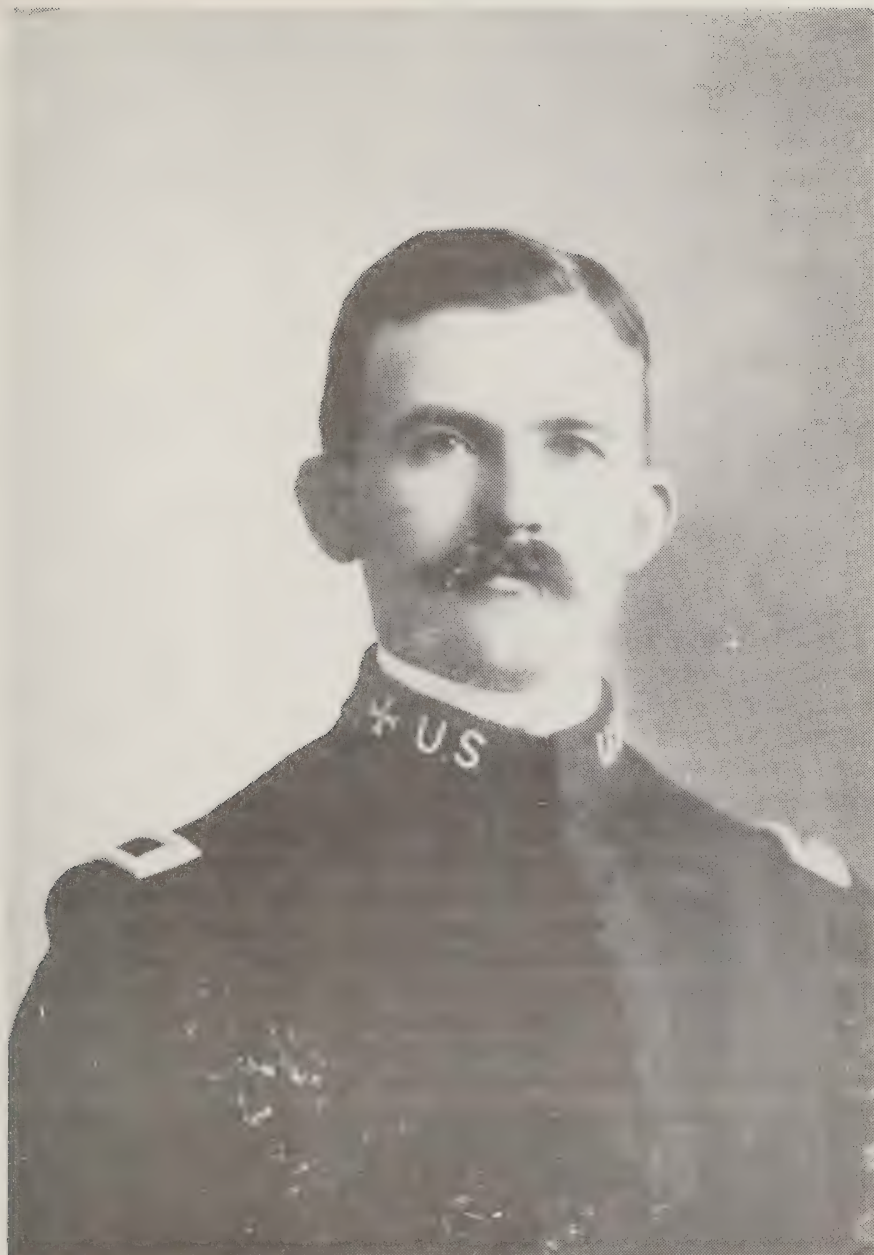


Plate 4

N. Mayo Dyer

ca. 1860

Father's maternal uncle, in the uniform of an officer in the U.S. Navy.



Plate 5

Class of 1894, Yale Sheffield Scientific School. Father, second from the left, third row from the bottom.



Plate 6
Heidelberg 1908

Father, center, bottom row; Professor L. v. Krehl, right, bottom row; Professor Morawitz, third from right, and Professor E. Grafe, fifth from right, top row.



Plate 7
Father, ca. 1906



Plate 8
Father, ca. 1907



Plate 9

Father and Mother, at the time of their engagement, on the front steps of 54 Abbot Street, Andover, Massachusetts. 1909



Plate 10

Ca. 1905 Father, in a reclining chair, on the roof-top of a building, possibly overlooking the Charles River in Boston. One might wonder if Father was contemplating the life led by the patients he treated for pulmonary tuberculosis on roofs in the open air in all sorts of weather. Other person unidentified.



Plate 11

A patient taking the outdoor roof treatment for pulmonary tuberculosis. Maximum rest was stressed.



Plate 12

Bottom row: (right to left) Joan, Rosamond ("Daisy"), Cousin Rhoda.

Middle row: Unidentified, Grandmother (Rebecca Dyer) Pratt, Unidentified, Unidentified, Mrs. Theodore Richmond, "Cousin" Annie (Mrs. William Pratt), "Aunt" Grace (Mrs. Chester Mayo Pratt).

Top row: Unidentified, Unidentified, Cousin Gardner, Uncle Chester, "Cousin Elizabeth (Mrs. Norman Pratt), Cousin John ("Joe"), Father, Cousin Chester, Mother, Cousin Elizabeth ("Betty"), Cousin Sally, Sylvia, Cousin Norman.



Plate 13
(Same day as Plate 12)

Titicut, ca. 1922. Alleged to have been held at the home of Mrs. Theodore Richmond.

Bottom row: (right to left) Rosamond ("Daisy"), Cousin Rhoda, Joan.

Middle row: Father, Grandmother (Rebecca Dyer) Pratt, "Aunt" Grace (Mrs. Chester Mayo Pratt), Sylvia, "Cousin" Annie (Mrs. William Pratt, mother of Cousin Norman, just to her right).

Top row: Mrs. Theodore Richmond, Uncle Chester, Cousin John ("Joe"), "Cousin" Elizabeth (Mrs. Norman Pratt), Cousin Chester, Mother, Cousin Elizabeth ("Betty"), Cousin Sally, Cousin Gardner.

(At this time, the author was at a summer camp in Maine.)



Plate 14

Pencil sketch made of Father by the writer in 1923.



Plate 15

One of the many photographs taken of Father about 1937, the year of his sixty-fifth birthday celebration.

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Self-Care: An Important Part of Medicine

It is a think-do-it-yourself is a modern-day fancy, guess again.

The late Dr. Joseph Hersey Pratt thought of it 70 years ago.

This good doctor was ministering to MGH outpatients at a time when Massachusetts had 14,000 sufferers of tuberculosis. The state's death toll from the disease then ran as high as 5,000 annually.

Dr. Pratt pioneered the idea of gathering together tuberculosis victims to teach them how to put themselves back on the road to good health. His method exhibited such positive results that later he initiated group therapy for psychiatric disorders.

In the early days, a diagnosis of tuberculosis, then known as consumption, was a virtual death sentence for many poor people. Retreats where victims could recover were few and catered mainly to the affluent. The state had a sanatorium in Rutland, but even though the fee was low, it still was beyond the means of many.

Dr. Pratt reasoned that recovery from tuberculosis did not require one's presence in an institution, only strict adherence to the rules dictated there.

And the rules could be followed at home. Essentially all that was required was absence from work for a period of months, sitting and sleeping out-of-doors (rain or shine), and following a strict diet.

Emmanuel Church on Newbury Street in Boston's Back Bay dipped into its funds to subsidize the program. The money went for tents, chairs, and extra wraps for the patients and toward compensating visiting nurses. Dr. Pratt and several colleagues donated their services.

Nine people comprised the initial tuberculosis therapy class, which met every Friday afternoon in the MGH outpatient clinic. After receiving a physical checkup, the patients would submit a notebook detailing how well during the previous week they had followed the regimen prescribed for them. Then they would be issued a new set of instructions.

At the end of the first 10 months, the doctors reported:

"All signs of active disease have diminished in nearly each one of the original nine members. In two cases, tubercle bacilli have disappeared from

the sputum, and the disease is apparently arrested."

There was an average weight gain of 19.4 pounds. One member gained 40.5 pounds.

The departure from the norm in treating consumptives captured the imagination, and before long other classes sprang up in and around Boston. Dr. Pratt liked to call his method the "home sanatorium treatment." He said it bore about the same relationship to regular sanatorium treatment that a correspondence course does to a formal college education.

Today tuberculosis, except for the severely ill, is a condition treated almost entirely on an outpatient basis. But it can still be a serious, crippling disease and continues to beset a distressingly large number of young people. During 1973, the latest year for available statistics, the Massachusetts Department of Public Health recorded 680 new cases. There were twice as many males as females on the list.

Years passed before the sequel to Dr. Pratt's group therapy was written. While serving as physician-in-chief at the Boston Dispensary in 1930, he discovered that of 2,000 consecutive admissions to the clinic, no less than 36 percent were suffering from psychoneurosis. He promptly set up "thought control" sessions.

Scores of men and women suffering from mental tension attended the weekly meeting and found release from their pressures by talking over their problems with a trained leader and with others in the class. Group psychotherapy eventually was accepted all over the world as an effective way of coping with mental stress.

Acclaimed as a frontiersman of modern medicine, Dr. Pratt went on to play a leading role in the development of the New England Medical Center. The Pratt Diagnostic Hospital, a unit of the center, was named in honor of the one-time MGH physician who died in 1956 at age 83.



Patients from the same family live on the roof of their home in early 1900s while with recovery regimen prescribed by Dr. Joseph Pratt.

Plate 16

A retrospective view years later of Father's work at the M.G.H., as well as a few comments on his role as a pioneer in group psychotherapy, starting with the "Class" treatment for patients with pulmonary tuberculosis, with added support from Emmanuel Church in Boston, and extending to the "Thought Control" classes he originated at the Boston Dispensary.

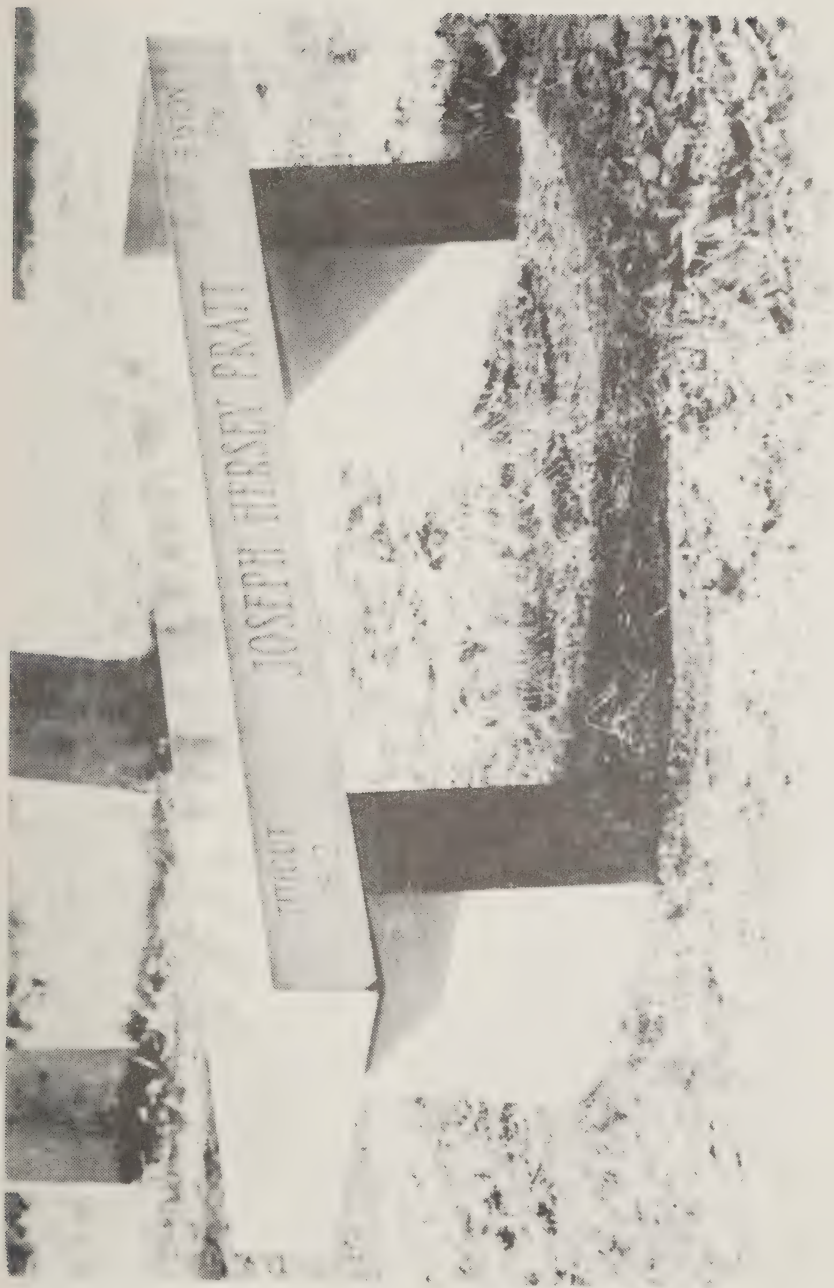


Plate 17

Memorial bench of black granite, made by the S. Barnicoat Monument Company of Middleboro, Massachusetts, erected in the Titicut Parish Cemetery May 1976. Front aspect.

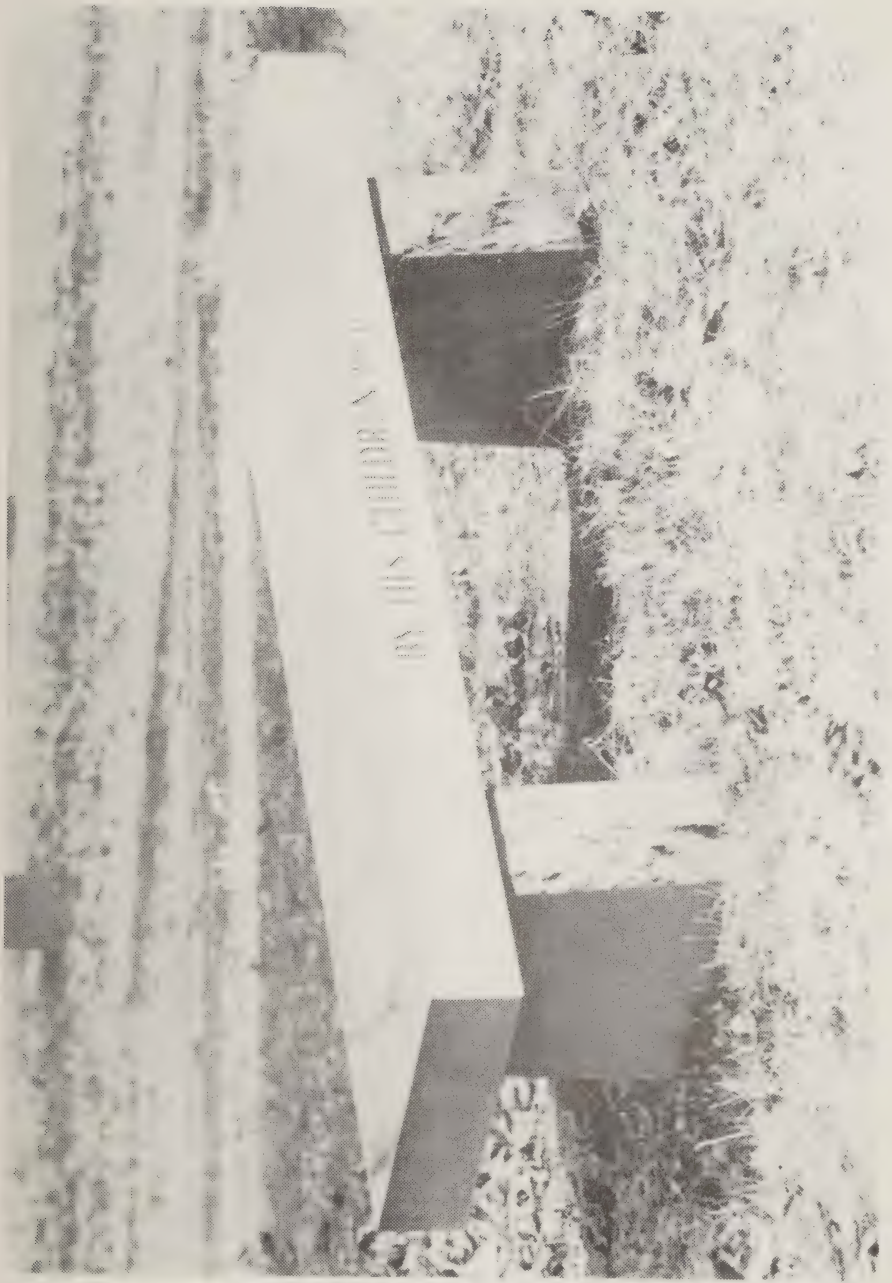


Plate 18
Same Memorial bench. Rear aspect.



Plate 19
94 Upland Road, taken from a colored print, ca. 1934.

DR. AND MRS. JOSEPH H. PRATT, DENNIS, MASSACHUSETTS



You go through Yarmouth into Dennis Village on Route 6. Just before you reach the centre of Dennis Village you will notice a cemetery on your right. Then look for the first road on the left (just before you reach the Filling Station) which is Hope Lane. Take Hope Lane for about a quarter of a mile to its end and turn left. Cross an intersecting road, and about a quarter of a mile beyond you will see "Applewood" on your right behind a group of old apple trees.

Plate 20

Postcard arranged by Father and Mother about the time they were to spend their first summer on Cape Cod in the Pre-Revolutionary house they had bought and restored (ca. 1942-6). Sketch in ink by the author.

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